

POL

OCTOBER 1983
\$3.75*



LACK WEISS NERO WHITE SCHWARZ BIANCO NEGRO BLANCO
IANCO NEGRO WEISS BLACK BLANCO NERO WHITE SCHWARZ



The Mercedes-Benz 380SE is new to the legendary "S-Class" range of saloons. With it comes exhilarating performance in the form of the alloy V8 3.8 litre engine that until now has been reserved for the larger, longer wheel-base "S-Class" Mercedes in Australia. This quite remarkable power plant produces an incomparable 145 kw and 295 Nm of torque. It is very much an *engine of today*. You can feel its sense of urgency and responsiveness through the accelerator. Its engine block is not the usual cast iron, but silvery impregnated

maintains your chosen temperature. The seats are the product of orthopaedic science—firm and supporting so that even after hours at the wheel you will step out fresh and ready for business. Engine noise is muted to a faint whisper behind a double firewall. The spacious interior is a sweep of ergonomically correct design—clean and uncluttered. A fire extinguisher is standard equipment. A first-aid kit is built into the rear parcel shelf. Even the sun visors are recessed into the headlining for added safety—and a *third* sun

NEW MERCEDES-BENZ 380SE.

light alloy for a superb power to weight ratio. It features a single overhead camshaft for each bank of four cylinders and state-of-the-art Bosch continuous fuel injection teamed with contact-less transistorised ignition. Of course, the 380SE engine has a plug-in provision for engine testing and computerized tuning adjustment.

It will not surprise you to learn that almost every Formula One racing driver chooses a Mercedes-Benz "S-Class" as his personal road car. The reasons stretch far beyond straight-line performance. The 380SE offers unequalled *driving* satisfaction because of its integrity of design. It has uncanny balance on the road.

Its outstanding handling and cornering ability are enhanced by the revolutionary anti-skid ABS braking system.

No detail has been overlooked. The 380SE has automatic cruise control with precise finger-tip over-ride. The rear suspension system is self-levelling. The headlamps can be adjusted for vehicle load by using an indexing wheel on the dashboard.

"S-Class" drivers cover more kilometres per year than other drivers. Their "S-Class" is a rewarding business partner. Inside, you relax and enjoy bi-level climate control which

visor protects your eyes from dazzle around the rear vision mirror.

LONG-TERM INVESTMENT

Many cars, even the most expensive, depreciate rapidly in value and can prove unreliable in the medium term. This is not the case with a Mercedes-Benz, a fact proven by Mercedes-Benz retained value figures which are higher than for any competitive car.*

There can be no better advertisement for the marque's true depth of quality and longevity.

The Mercedes-Benz 380SE combines the power and the computer technology of the 1980's with traditional Mercedes-Benz rationality and integrity. It bristles with technology. It is immensely strong and safe. It is highly desirable.

It is backed throughout its long life by the authorized Mercedes-Benz Service Centres around Australia.

The new Mercedes-Benz 380SE is ready to test-drive, now.

Discover for yourself that it is the ultimate saloon of its time.



**Engineered like
no other car**

*Based on July '83 Glass's Dealer Guide—luxury saloon cars selling over 100 units per annum.

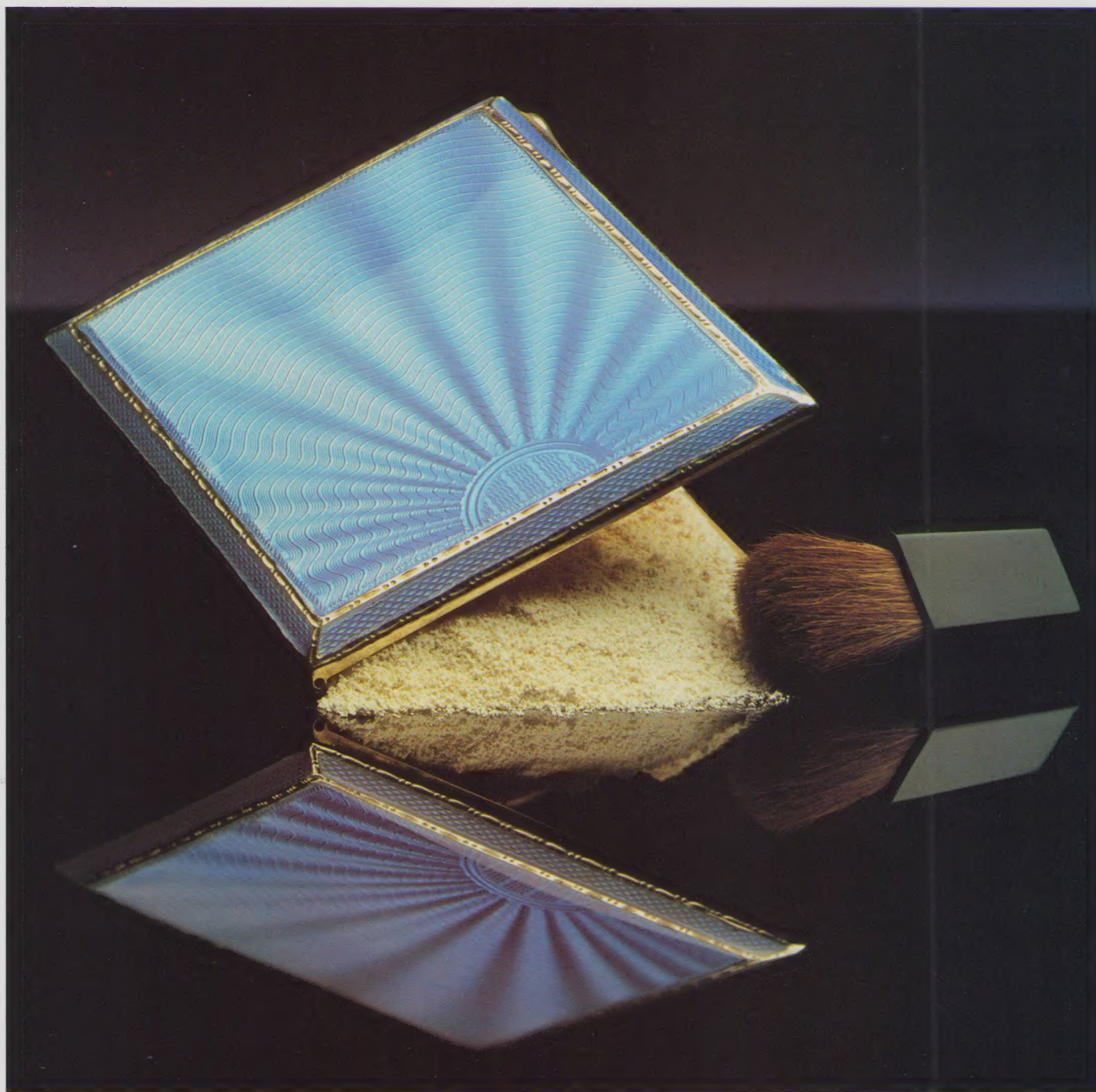


***EXHILARATING PERFORMANCE
MEETS ENGINEERING INTEGRITY.***



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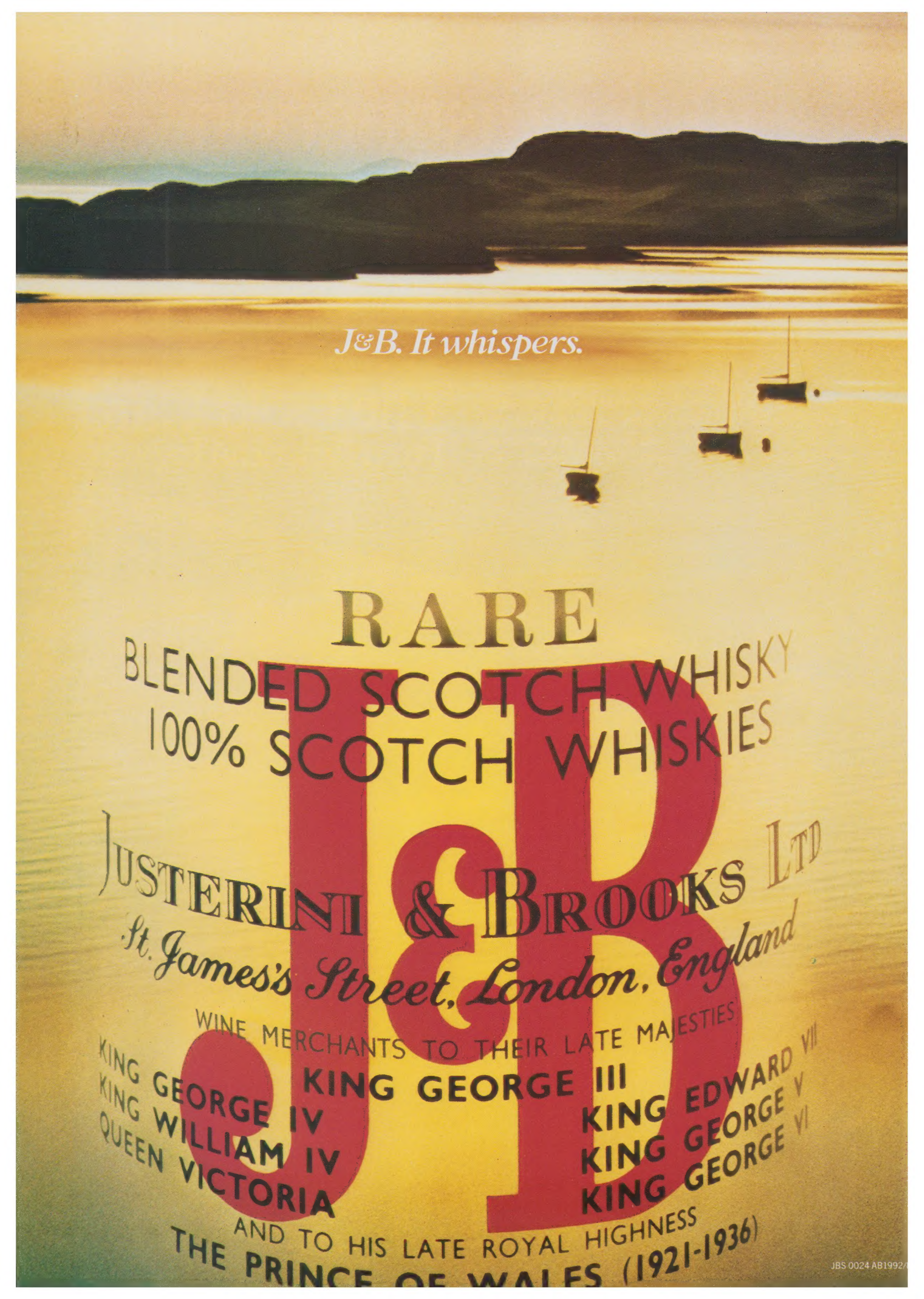
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KING EDWARD VII
KING GEORGE V
KING GEORGE VI

AND TO HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES (1921-1936)

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A historical view of Australia, as captured by the camera, provides a priceless documentation of social change and a reference for understanding Australian identity.

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The bold body-flattering geometry of the swimwear styles that brought excitement back to European beaches this year, is now ours.

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A jaunt through London's Jermyn Street and an introduction to the prestigious purveyors who keep the British gentry in touch with their traditions.

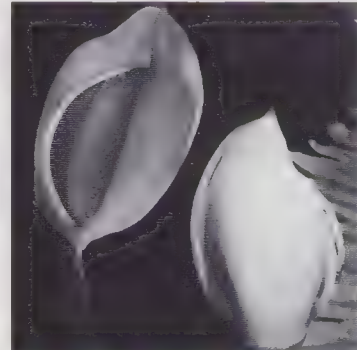
A combination of aesthetics and economics has elevated the status of prints and posters from kitsch and cliché to the giddy heights of ultra chic.



More than just a female bodybuilder, Lisa Lyon is regarded as an artist whose raw material just happens to be her own amazing body.



An update on the prodigious talent of photographer Max Dupain whose work has graced Australian and international group exhibitions since 1932.



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**Tabu . . . an
embrace that lives
forever in a
fragrance.**



The Forbidden Fragrance



*Cover photograph by Richard Bailey. Hair by Tony Guthrie. Makeup by Chris King.
Swimming costume by Expozay.*

If we'd not already decided to revive the dramatic appeal of black and white graphic design in this issue, we would have been swayed when the material on *Australia: Image Of A Nation* came our way. Published by Collins Australia, the book is the triumphant execution of an ambitious project stretching over four years. The character of the book is framed by David Moore's belief in the power of great photography. It was only 40 years after Louis Daguerre first mastered the technique of capturing images on a light-sensitive plate, that the first enthusiasts began recording every aspect of the life of the young colonies which would eventually become the Commonwealth of Australia. The photographs, selected from around 100,000, convey the rich variety of life and social change which shaped the Australian identity between 1850 and 1950. Rodney Hall's text and captions create images of their own. We present our selection as a tribute to a truly significant project.

It says something regrettable about that Australian image of itself, that the Australian cultural knights would be just about the second most exclusive club in the world, edged out only by the Australian cultural dames. Robin Powell talks with Sir Charles Mackerras, Sir Robert Helpmann and Sir Sidney Nolan about their careers and the state of the arts in Australia.

We also look at the rising status in the art world of prints and posters; Jan Smith's investigation of the genetic peril from the new tactical master-race ... the backgammon players; and Clair Spencer marvels that one small street could say so much about the English gentry as she reconnoitres the hallowed Jermyn Street.

Black and white and red all over? We're sure it will be.

Robin Ingram

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*Recommended and maximum price only.



CHANEL N°5

Spray Parfum and Eau de Toilette.



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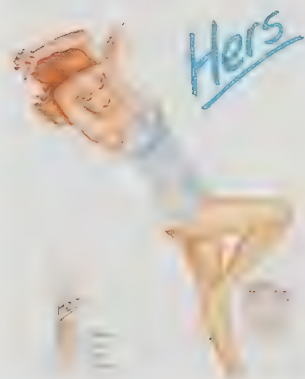
CHANEL

CHANEL BEAUTÉ COSMETIC AND SKIN CARE RANGE AVAILABLE EXCLUSIVELY FROM:
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Perth: Aherns, Hay Street.

GOOD LOOKS

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An important extension to the La Prairie range of skin care products is Cellular Cycle Ampoules. These individual preparations are designed in three formulas for face, bust and the hip-to-heel area. The ingredients include properties which smooth and stimulate fatigued skin tissue by increasing the skin's capacity to retain moisture and to firm and restore the tissue's elasticity. The ampoule sets are designed to include seven dry substance ampoules with a high concentration of soluble collagen and elastin, and seven liquid solvent ampoules featuring a unique blend of plant extracts. The complete range of Cellular Cycle Ampoules by La Prairie is available from selected beauticians and pharmacies throughout Australia.



FEMME FOAM

Hers is a clever new product which may soon become indispensable for every woman. Simply, it's a shaving cream for use on under arms and legs. The gentle apricot foam contains a blend of moisturisers which means that even dry skin won't require added emollients after shaving. Hers is packaged in a handy, light-weight aluminium can, priced at about \$3, and is available from larger supermarkets, selected pharmacies and beauticians throughout Australia.



SPRAY IT WITH FLEURS

Spring flowers and exotic spices combine to create the unique scent in Orlane's new fragrance, Fleur D'Orlane. It's a light, but long-lasting fragrance in an eau de toilette spray. Fleur D'Orlane is currently available from major department stores and selected pharmacies throughout Australia.



SPORTING CHANCE

Sporting Highlights is the new colour collection from Mary Quant. The range, with a colour emphasis on blue and pink, is designed to co-ordinate with active sportswear and resort clothes as well as classic, elegant designs. Peep eyes, the duo eyeshadows, are available in rose and mauve or deep purple and jade with a cerise pressed powder blusher to highlight cheeks. There are two forms of lip colour, colour rich lipstick and colourshine lip gloss, in pink, fuchsia and purple with co-ordinating nail polish. Sporting Highlights by Mary Quant is available from selected department stores and pharmacies in Australia.



MAN TAN

Aramis has recently introduced five new suntan products ideal for active men who play sport and swim but don't have time to constantly reapply protective creams. For moderate protection, try SPF5, a clear gel which quickly penetrates the surface of the skin. SPF10 is a greaseless cream which can provide year-round protection, and SPF12 is a stick to apply to lips. For men who require total blockout from the sun's rays, Aramis suggests SPF20. The complete Aramis sun protection collection is available from major department stores and selected pharmacies throughout Australia.



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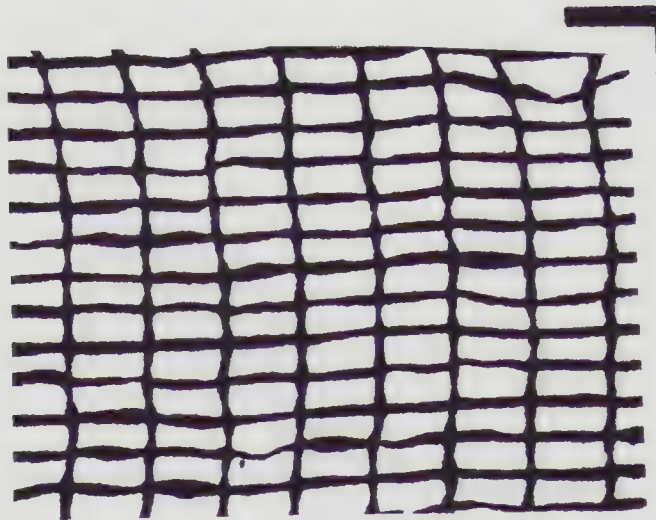


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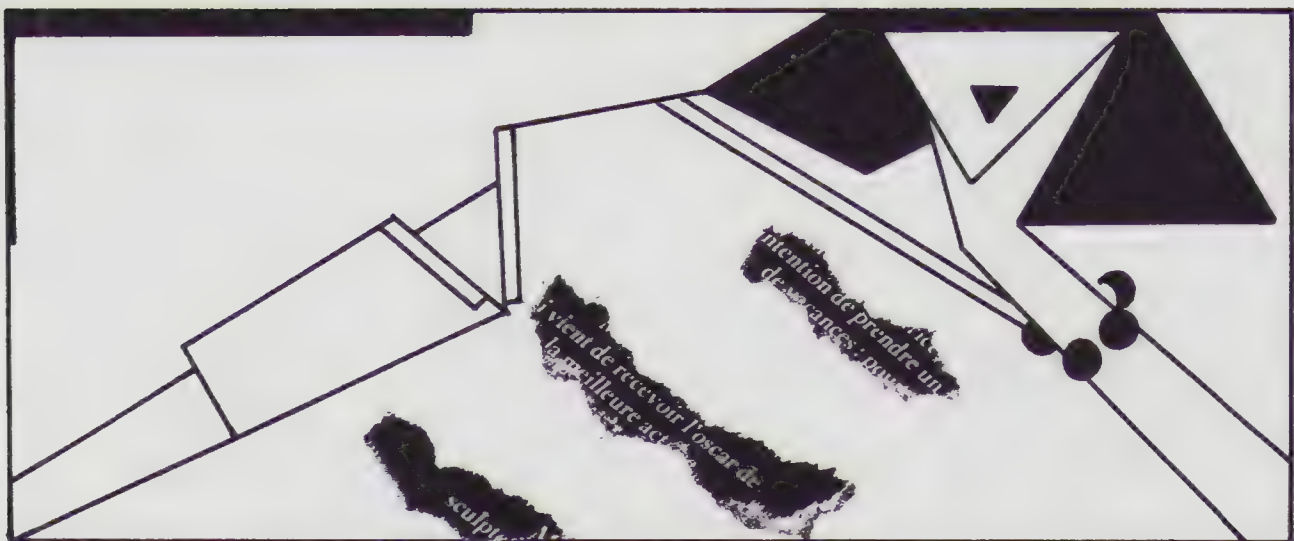
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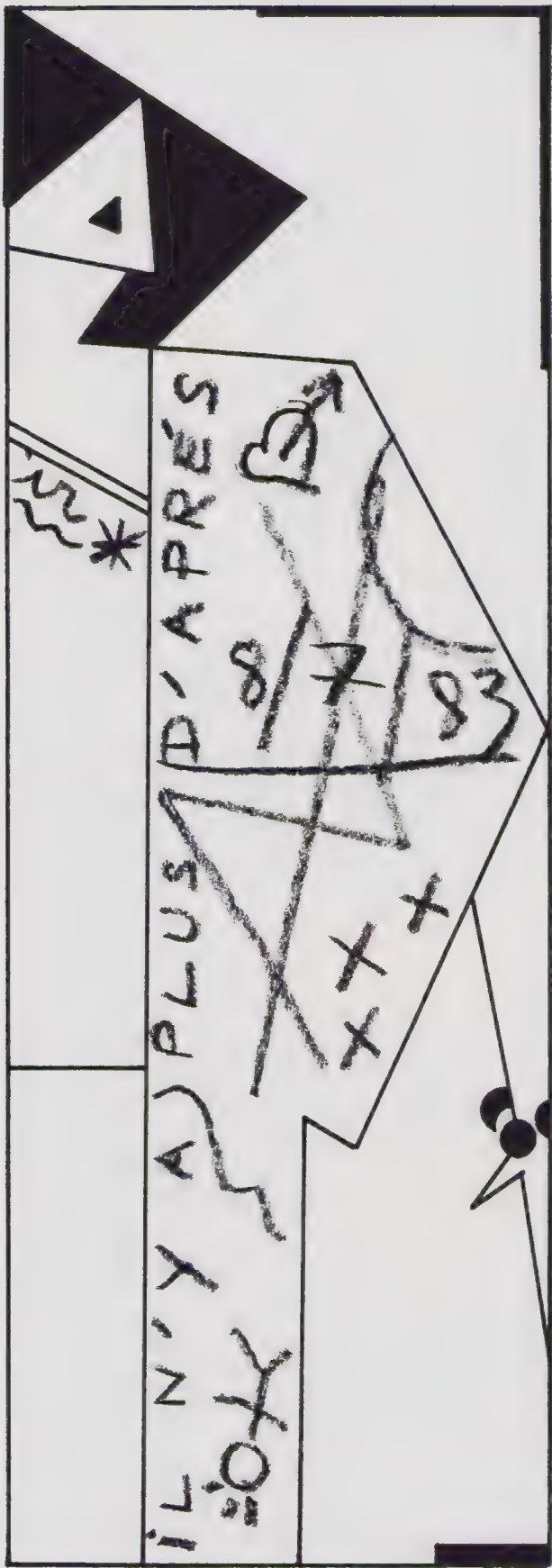
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T O R N N E W S P A P E R / F R O N T

While still a relatively new name on the Australian fashion scene, Patrick Bertaux has been designing for names like Dorothee Bis in Paris for the past 10 years. His late



S U B W A Y S O U V E N I R P A R I S 7 / 7 / 7 8



C H A R C O A L / G E E S T U R E / S A N D P A P E R /

C O L L A G E / A N T H U R I U M P I N K / O R I G A M I

BACKGAMMON

Tino Lechich, of Victoria, won the Australian National Backgammon Championships held recently at Melbourne's prestigious Telford Old Melbourne Hotel. Lechich defeated fellow Victorian and 1979 winner of the same event, John Daglas, in convincing fashion, firmly establishing himself as one of the top exponents of the game in this country. Defeated semi-finalists were Victorians Jurek Wawruszak and Arvid Prods.

Aside from a large cash prize, Lechich wins an all expenses paid trip to Monte Carlo to compete in the world championships, courtesy of Cathay Pacific.

I have been asked on numerous occasions, "What is the proportion of luck to skill in backgammon?" It is very difficult to give an accurate answer, but I always maintain that the more skilled player will end up well ahead in the long run.

In any one given match, the rank beginner can quite easily beat an expert. Herein lies the almost compulsive attraction of backgammon ... any player is capable of winning a match, or even a tournament. Generally, three ingredients are required for a player to win a tournament ... luck, skill and nerve. However, luck alone will often suffice.

The skillful player accomplished in both checker play and doubling cube usage still needs a cool, calm disposition. Perhaps the most important element of expert play is cube handling, for it is the doubling cube that determines how many points are won and lost in each game. The expert will try to maximise his winning points and to minimise the number of points he loses.

Consider the diagram. O is on roll holding the cube on 2, and trails 1-6 in a match to 11 points. Although O is 12 pips behind on a pip count, this is an excellent chance for O to redouble to 4 and try to catch up in the match. X is under extreme pressure because if O points on him (nine numbers: 6-6, 3-3, 3-2, 2-2, 6-3, 6-2) or if O hits and passes to safety (seven numbers: 6-1, 3-1, 2-1, 1-1), X will become a clear underdog in this game.

Other numbers will hit X, leaving O with a blot, but X is an underdog to hit this shot. Numbers such as 5-5, 4-4 put O well ahead in the race. From O's point of view, this is a good double because he trails considerably in the match and must win this game to be a chance in winning the match. X, on the other hand is well ahead in the match and even if he passes the double, will still lead 6-3.

However, this position is not a clear-cut pass. If X is able to escape his last man, he has at least an equal chance in the race. I

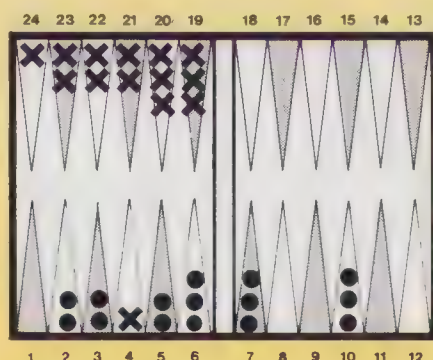
favour the pass here for one other reason. Even if O doesn't hit X, X must still roll a 4 or a 5 to escape, and 4-2 and 5-1 leave O with a last chance shot.

Furthermore, the value to X of cube ownership is not great, as he will need to become at least 90 per cent favorite in the game to be able to redouble to 8.

This problem is an excellent example of trying to maximise the number of points to be won, of trying to minimise the number of points to be lost, the use of the doubling cube in a pressure situation, the need to consider the match score, the necessity for courage in turning the cube, and the need to weigh up the pros and cons of whether to accept or decline the cube in a cool calm and collected manner.

BILL MARCZAK

• Our new backgammon columnist is Sydney solicitor and former *Sunday Telegraph* backgammon columnist Bill Marczak. Bill has been playing backgammon since 1976 and his list of achievements includes the 1981 Australian Title, last 16 of the World Championships in Monte Carlo in 1981, 1979 NSW open winner, winner of the 1982 Sahara Holiday Tournament in Las Vegas, and numerous local and interstate tournament victories, as well as being a qualifier for every Australian Open held since its inception in 1979. As a committee member of both the Backgammon Club of Australia and the North Shore Backgammon Club. Bill will keep POL's readers up to date on forthcoming events and results.



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Hernando's Rancheros

Beyond the Louis XV gates to El Camino Real is the ultimate expression of the hotelier's art. POL Editor Robin Ingram experiences the world of the Wilshire.

There is an influential school of thought which believes that the junction of Wilshire Boulevard and Rodeo Drive is closer to Nirvana than it is to Century City. It is, they believe, the point at which hustle and hassle is suspended, where desire is satiated and where the supreme state of blessedness is constantly accessible.

The opinions that have decreed the Beverly Wilshire is the world's finest hotel are far from humble ones. It is probably the ultimate hide from which to watch the rich and famous frolicking in their natural habitat; to thrill to the excitement of real live luminaries coming down to their watering hole at dusk.

But to attain the Nirvana state, there are just a few initiation rites to cope with. As with so many Eastern cults, the Wilshire first lowers any resistance to hedonism with a crash disorientation program. Almost anything you read about the Beverly Wilshire prepares you for an architectural wonderland.

Arrival, however, has the senses reeling. Through the monumental Louis XV gates proclaiming Rancheros Vistadores and down the El Camino Real, the Wilshire's own private avenue cutting through a canyon of Italian Renaissance and French Neoclassical, illuminated by gas lamps procured from Edinburgh Castle and paved with hand-cut,

hand-set blue granite. Past the row of Spanish mission arches and the white Carrara marble mosaic depicting life in early California, and up to the entrance under the domed portecochere. If something *almost* succeeds like success, it's almost certainly excess, Wilshire-style.

The greeting of a commissioner of Beef-eater grandeur is sort-of repeated by the motto at the entrance and the personal sentiment of Hernando Courtright, the firm hand at the helm of the Beverly Wilshire. Mi Casa Es Su Casa, it beckons, and while, strictly speaking, Mr Courtright's house bears little real resemblance to my house, it is the application of this expansive gesture that makes Beverly Wilshire hospitality legendary.

Hernando Courtright's influence on the personality of the Wilshire is total. Advertising material even bills it as *Hernando Courtright's Beverly Wilshire Hotel*.

It's a device that works splendidly. Throughout your stay, you'll be recognised and greeted by name at every opportunity and generally convinced that you're a personal guest of your host, Mr Courtright. Your arrival is expected and the morning's briefing session will have armed reception staff with enough information about you for them to confer at least lower case v.i.p. status.

For those returning — and I defy anyone not to — the personal dossier will provide a

history of personal preferences. Arthur Rubinstein once requested a Steinway grand to be provided for his use. On succeeding visits, the Steinway was always waiting ... and in precisely the position he specified the first time.

Hernando Courtright's attention to detail plus the dedication of his staff provide the key to the hotel's conspicuous success. They want it to be the best.

"In my opinion, this is the world's best hotel ... and I'm going to make it better," says Courtright, and somehow you know this is not just bravado. "If you're going to be the best, you can't take any shortcuts. You hire the best people and, if necessary, train them to your specifications. You supply the best foods and wines. You make certain that your employees are neat, polite and efficient. In other words, you stay on top of everything, day after day, month after month, year after year.

"Sometimes I may seem too strict, but in the long run I don't think I am. Everyone who works here takes a definite pride in a hotel regarded with such high esteem. We have everything in our favour ... the best room decor, the best dining rooms, personalised services, and location. But I don't intend to keep it that way ... I want to make it better."

Hernando Courtright would be the last to describe his tastes as understated. "The only





The Beverly Wilshire stands at the head of Rodeo Drive 'like a wedding cake on a smorgasbord table.'

way I can be regarded as a purist," he says, "is the fact that every room and suite in the Beverly Wilshire — every one of the public rooms — has character. And character is what is missing in almost every hotel in the world."

Courtright has turned around the fortunes of the great edifice which sits at the head of Rodeo Drive like a wedding cake on a smorgasbord table. It was exclusive from the time that it opened in 1928. Elaborate suites with Corinthian columns and glass mosaic skylights, fireplaces, libraries and connecting roof gardens, attracted long-staying guests who often brought their own servants with them.

Courtright headed a syndicate which bought the Beverly Wilshire in 1961. First and foremost, he was a financier but there was no repressing the entrepreneur and skilled management executive skills.

He realised the major problem with the hotel was traffic. The Beverly Hills population had grown to close to 30,000 (30 times more than when the hotel was originally built), to say nothing of the now heavy tourist trade. He decided to eliminate this problem by adding another wing and building an entrance between those wings. Thus, El Camino Real was born, a unique private street eliminating all parking problems.

The new wing, which opened in December, 1971, is joined to the Wilshire Wing by the domed portecochere illuminated at night by the 38 gaslight lanterns from Edinburgh Castle. Called the Beverly Wing, it has 250 rooms, bringing the hotel's total to 440. Welton Becker and Associates were the architects.

The new building was erected on top of the tennis courts, and El Camino Real is where the pool was. The beautiful new Mediterranean-style outdoor Don Quixote Pool is on the second floor of the new building.

The Beverly Wing also has apartments, which are rented unfurnished with full hotel service, and one floor of two-storey townhouse suites. All have marble bathrooms, spacious balconies, and some have jacuzzi baths and bidets.

Each floor is in a different style following the cultural history of California ... Spanish, Mexican, Early California, Italian, French, and Avant-Garde modern, culminating in the floor of townhouse suites in which all the periods are represented. Mr. Courtright also created one floor of Champagne Suites, each named after a different French champagne and decorated with artifacts donated by each of the champagne houses.

On entering the Beverly Wing, one sees a stunning series of white Carrara marble mirrored arches and hand-wrought iron balconies. Hand-carved balustrades in Tinos Vert a Rouge Incarnat marble in the grand style of Versailles flank the hallway to the ballroom. The lobby, Grand Hall and staircase leading to party and meeting rooms, has a floor inlaid with varicoloured marble, columns in Tinos Vert and a classic wrought iron railing.

Grand, then, in execution, the Beverly Wilshire is sublime in detail. Quality, Courtright concedes, is made up of a thousand details.

"The kind of oil in the salad dressing, the kind of soap in the bathrooms, the furnishings ... we chose everything personally. Nothing was quick and easy. Nothing was ordered in bulk from catalogues. And no cheating was allowed.

"If it looks like marble on the floor, it is marble on the floor. If it looks like suede on the wall, it is suede on the wall."

The rooms themselves, none identical, have a grace and individuality not normally found in hotels. Boussac fabrics generously swagged into curtains, sometimes covering entire walls; specially woven carpets matched up with hand-printed wallpapers; leather and hand-embroidered materials; Mexican furniture, handcarved and painted. Decorations chosen by humans for humans.

It is the way in which Courtright and his loyal team have humanised the overwhelming splendour of the Wilshire that drew a memorable compliment from no less a hotelier than George André, of the Plaza Athenee in Paris. "The Beverly Wilshire," he said, "is a great hotel which remains human."

Certainly, it's a great gateway to the US.

As you revel in the personal attention at reception, fresh from your Continental flight and with the airline motto 'If you can't fly Continental, try to have a nice trip anyway' hovering in your mind, it's difficult not to contemplate condolences for those who enjoyed First Class service all the way to LA ... and then stayed somewhere else.

And it's a tribute to an egalitarian society that tariffs range from \$143 (single occupancy) \$168 (double occupancy) a day up to \$1000 a day for a luxury townhouse suite.

THE WAY TO GO:

Continental Airlines operates a daily service between Sydney and Los Angeles, via Honolulu. Two of these services (on Sundays and Wednesdays) operate via Melbourne.

Advance purchase economy class return air fares are \$1072 (low season), \$1524 (shoulder season) and \$1786 (high season) from Sydney and \$1124, \$1608 and \$1870 respectively from Melbourne. The next low season period outbound is from September 16 until November 30.

Examples of Los Angeles stopover packages available, in association with Sydney-based Creative Tours, are (all for three nights): Saga Motel, Disneyland, \$33 per person (triple share); Bonaventure, downtown LA, \$98 per person (triple share); Beverly Hilton, Beverly Hills \$145 per person (triple share).

Those wishing to see more of America than just Los Angeles, should consider Continental's Koala fare of \$1932, which provides (a) roundtrip travel on the Pacific with unlimited stopovers (Auckland, Nadi, Honolulu) and access to Continental's entire U. S. domestic network of more than 70 cities for a 60-day period.

Normal economy (Statesman Business Class) fares to Los Angeles are \$2604 (from Sydney) and \$2752 (from Melbourne). First-class fares are \$3998 (from Sydney) and \$4280 (from Melbourne).

● In Australia, the Beverly Wilshire Hotel is represented by HRI The Leading Hotels of the World.



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For more information about the Oriana and Canberra cruises, see your local travel agent or P&O Booking Centre.



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Calendar

Compiled by Vikki Gordon.

NATIONAL EVENTS

Melbourne, Monash University Brisbane, ABC Studio Sydney, Opera House Concert Hall	Krzysztof Penderecki October 15 October 21 October 29	Polish-born conductor and composer Penderecki, is one of the greatest names in 20th Century music. His most recent work is <i>Paradise Lost</i> which was first performed at the 200th anniversary of America.
Hobart, ABC Odeon Studio Launceston, Princess Theatre Brisbane, City Hall and other major cities during November	Chia Chou October 5 October 6 October 15	The young pianist who recently won the 2nd Sydney International Piano Competition. He'll be performing in a series of orchestral concerts throughout October.
Adelaide, Town Hall Perth, Concert Hall Newcastle, City Hall Brisbane, Mayne Hall Armidale, University Hall Melbourne, Dallas Brooks Hall Canberra, School of Music Melbourne, Concert Hall Hobart, University	Aulos Ensemble October 15 October 17 October 20 October 22 October 24 October 25 October 27 October 28 October 29	Baroque flute, oboe, harpsichord, viola da gamba, baroque violin and cello combine to create a unique form of baroque chamber music. The Aulos Ensemble of New York comprises six graduates of the Juilliard School with a repertoire that includes Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Vivaldi.
Sydney, Opera House Concert Hall Brisbane, City Hall Canberra, School of Music Hobart, City Hall Melbourne, Concert Hall Adelaide, Festival Theatre Perth, Concert Hall	Academy of St. Martin In The Field October 18 and 19 October 20 October 22 October 24 October 26 and 27 October 28 and 29 October 31	This is the third national Australian tour of the famous English chamber orchestra. The group, which is renowned for its energetic performances, comprises 18 artists and will be directed by Kenneth Sillito who the English critics recently placed amongst the "best new species of leaders."
	Return Of The Jedi October 27	We've all seen <i>Star Wars</i> and <i>The Empire Strikes Back</i> , now experience George Lucas' third film of the sensational trilogy.
	Something Wicked This Way Comes.	See Jason Robards in this terrifying sci-fi fantasy about a carnival during Halloween.
	The Hunger	Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie and Susan Sarandon in a bizarre new movie about sexuality, corruption and mystery.

NEW SOUTH WALES

Barry Stern Exhibiting Gallery	Nancy Borlaise Until November 3	Art critic Nancy Borlaise presents a retrospective of her paintings of the last 30 years.
Australian Centre for Photography	Steven Lojewski	Rooftop Views Of Sydney — a collection of black and white photographs taken around Sydney.
	Christine Cornish	Photographic Works — a show of black and white landscape photographs.
Rex Irwin Gallery	Sam Fullbrook Until October 22	A collection of koala bears in pastel drawings and oil paintings.
Art Directors Gallery	Ken Done From mid October	A show of new works including the artist's famous treatment of scenes of Sydney and Australia.
Robin Gibson Gallery	Four British Realists October 1-19	An exhibition of works by Michael Leonard, Brendan Niland, Norman Rowe and Ben Johnson.



26 Kenneth Silito of the *Academy of St. Martin in the Fields*, who will be directing the English chamber music ensemble for
27 their Australia-wide tour this month.

Calendar

Macquarie Galleries	Salvatore Zofrea October 25-November 12	An exhibition of watercolours and painted pots depicting St. Francis of Assisi and St. Claire.
	Richard Woldendorp October 25-November 12	Aerial landscapes of Australia by the 1982 Photographer Of The Year.
Australian Craftworks	Tony Martin October 7-22	An exhibition of dry glaze pottery and celadon glazed porcelain.
Art Gallery of NSW	Composition Is Artists Glue. Until December 14	What is the meaning of style? The Art Gallery of NSW believes it's the manner in which objects are joined together. They're decoding it's meaning with an exhibition of painters including Margaret Preston, Fred Williams and John Coburn.
Theatre Royal	Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf?	Robin Nevin stars in Edward Albee's horrifying drama.
Philip Street Theatre	Sister Mary Ignacious Explains It All To You Throughout October	Black comedy by Christopher Durang.
NIDA	Summer Rain October 19-30	The 1983 Graduates of NIDA present, for their final show, a musical directed by Nick Enright and Terence Clarke.
Opera House Drama Theatre	The Cobra October 5-November 2	See Sir Robert Helpmann in the world premiere of a play by Justin Fleming presented by the Sydney Theatre Company.
Marian Street Theatre	Educating Rita Until October 22	A Liverpool hairdresser meets a disillusioned academic in this hilarious play by Willy Russell.
Holdsworth Galleries	Sir Sidney Nolan October 8-November 2	A major exhibition of landscapes from Australia's North-west.
Hogarth Gallery Show	10th Anniversary Birthday Until October 13.	A mixed group show with a selection of Australian artists including Martin Sharp, Peter Kingston and Geoffrey Proud.
	David Sanderson Until November 5	An exhibition of colour photographs based on Sydney city-scapes.
SOUTH AUSTRALIA		
Art Gallery of South Australia	Arthur Boyd Until December 4 Fred Williams Until November 6	Retrospective shows by two of Australia's finest artists.
Australian Dance Theatre	The Environmental Shows October 11-15.	This lively dance group presents two new shows by Jonathan Taylor.
Lighthouse	The Blind Giant Is Dancing October 18-22 and 25-29	Stephen Sewell plays with hope and terror in his new work specifically commissioned by Lighthouse.
VICTORIA		
National Gallery of Victoria	Nolan — The City and The Plain October 12-November 27	A retrospective of the artist's work.
Playbox Theatre	Butterflies Of Kalimantan Throughout October	See Robin Nevin directing Jennifer Clare's comedy which the Sydney Critics hailed as "a brilliant success".
Athenaeum Theatre	The Maid's Tragedy October 26-November 26	See one of the younger emerging directors of the Royal Shakespeare Company, Barry Kyle, direct this play for the Melbourne Theatre Company.



Left: Polish-born composer Krzysztof Penderecki (left) who will be touring Melbourne, Brisbane and Sydney this month for the ABC.

Catherine Deneuve (above) and David Bowie (right) in scenes from the bizarre new movie, *The Hunger*.

Russell Street Theatre	The Marginal Farm October 26-December 10	Helen Morse stars in a new play by Alex Buzo for the Melbourne Theatre Company.
Palais Theatre	The Australian Ballet October 20-29	The ballet treats Melbourne to a limited season of <i>The Tales Of Hoffmann</i> .

QUEENSLAND

Institute of Modern Art	John Gillies. Throughout October	A multi-media show of video installations by a talented Australian artist.
S. G. I. O Theatre	84 Charing Cross Road October 25-November 12	Heralded as "a quietly stunning and astonishing play" and "an evening of enchantment and charm" ... see Helene Hanff's play by the Queensland Theatre Company.
La Boite	Faces In The Street October 2-29	The events surrounding the Brisbane General Strike provide Errol O'Neill, La Biote's writer-in-residence, with the theme for his new play.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Art Gallery of Western Australia	12 Australian Painters Until October 30	Sydney Ball, Janet Dawson, John Firth-Smith and David Aspden are included in this roll call of contemporary Australian artists.
	Audio Visual Arts of Western Australia Until October 30	Video installations, slides and sculptures form the basis for this new show by five artists.
Perth Playhouse	The Perfectionist October 13-November 5	See Brian Debnam direct Graeme Blundell in a play by David Williamson.
His Majety's Theatre	Carmen October 1-29	The W. A. Opera Company provides audiences with a full-scale production of this epic opera.

Calendar





Above: One of Richard Woldendorp's aerial photographs on show at the Macquarie Galleries in Sydney this month. Below: *Saint Francis and Saint Clare* by Salvatore Zofrea whose work is also on show at the gallery this month.



Gallery



Simon Burke.

SHOWBIZ VETERAN AT 22

When Simon Burke started performing in The Globos Tonight Tonight show at Kinselas a few months ago, he was asked by a journalist, who was clearly surprised by his professionalism, if he'd ever acted before. He was shocked: it's not a question he's used to.

He did, after all, win an AFI award in 1976 for his performance in Fred Schepisi's *The Devil's Playground*, has acted at Nimrod at least once a year since the age of 15 in plays as varied as *Romeo And Juliet* and *The Threepenny Opera*, and has been seen on television in high-quality ABC dramas as well as once being part of *The Restless Years* team.

Even if one dismisses all that as being in the dim dark past, it would have been hard to miss his name over the last year or so on stage for Nimrod ... playing a prudish med student in *The Clinic*, proving himself an all-singing, all-dancing comedian with The Globos; and helping launch Kerry Packer as a producer of televised drama with *Kings*.

With all behind him at the age of 22, anonymity is not what Simon Burke is used to, which isn't to say he's the sort to expect widespread adoration.

He assumes no famous posturings, not being the sort of child star who was ever a precocious brat. In fact, he was always a nice kid, very like the parts he played, an observation he himself makes and one which he recognises as having more than coincidental value.

He sees the difference in his career in the last year or so as being not so much to do with the high-profile nature of the work, as that he has started playing characters.

"I used to play slight variations of myself," he says. "But now I take more risks and have started playing characters. I have a character in *Kings* whereas in *Restless Years*, I just spent all my time avoiding the Grundy models!"

It's true he doesn't have the really Grundy look, except for the blue blue eyes, and with the faded jeans, T-shirt and pale blue jumper, he is obviously a refugee from the *Kings* set. Despite the characterisation, Simon was

Gallery

disappointed in *Kings*. It was going to be a big new step in television drama series, only one episode a week and definitely not soap.

"We had a good cast and a couple of good directors," he says, "but it died. It was a step towards improving television but it proves that people want muzac tv. It'll take a few years now before anybody tries anything new again."

Simon isn't too excited by the prospect of playing more straight, normal Simon Burke-ish television roles in the foreseeable future. At present he's very interested in developing his characterisation skills.

"I never learned acting, so I have worked out my own way of reaching a character. It's starting to solidify, though I use a different method for each character.

"I'm not the method acting type who works out what the character had for breakfast and what kind of underpants he wears. But I'm beginning to learn how to set up characters and set up jokes on stage, in response to an audience. That's experience, not education.

"I've become a bit of a wower too, in a way, about commitment and technique. I never used to spend much time on it. Now I have more respect for professionalism."

Despite the developing confidence in his skills, Simon still has an actor's basic insecurity. "The only thing in common through all my parts," he says, "is that I think I'm going to be terrible. I worry and worry and I hate rehearsal rooms. I wait to do things until the houselights go down and the stage lights come up and I can't see them watching me."

It's no doubt why he says he feels more comfortable on stage than on film. He doesn't like himself on film. "I haven't worked it out. I can do naturalistic, nervous or embarrassed acting on film, but everything else I find extremely difficult and often resort to tricks," he admits candidly.

The one time in his career he has felt at home on film, was in the ABC production, *Scales Of Justice*, in which he starred with John Hargreaves and Bill Hunter as a policeman just out of the Academy and faced with the temptation of simple corruption.

The script is a subtle one, portraying all the complexities of the job, complexities Simon is aware of, having a policeman for a father. He considers his performance in the show as one of his best.

He is also proud of the risk he took in appearing in *The Globos*

show. It wasn't *The Globos* who were the risk, but that he virtually had to be a stand-up comic at times, holding the show together, while seeing the whites of the eyes of the audience.

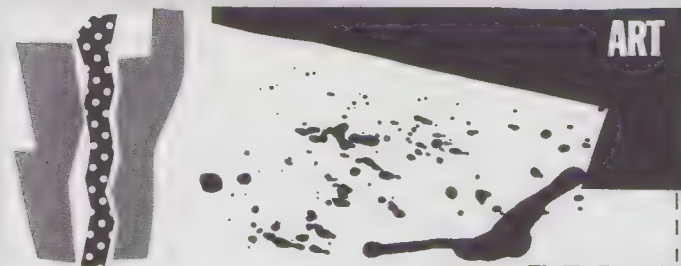
In fact, he needed to establish eye contact with some of them, and all this, while singing, acting and sometimes even dancing. It was a personal achievement, but also a success on a wider scale. He was very good, some people even said the best part of the show.

He received few of the pure compliments himself. "The worst thing about this business," he says, "is that no matter how good you are in something, the first thing people always say to you is, 'What are you doing next?'"

ROBIN POWELL



32 *Dimboola* by Sidney Nolan whose work is currently on show at the National Gallery of Victoria.



WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S FIRE

Basil Hadley pulls no punches when reflecting on the possible effects of his current exhibition at the Bloomfield Galleries in Sydney. "It's a very mixed bag ... there's something for everyone in it. It's sure to upset a good few gallery-goers, though that's not the intention of the show. What I want is to amuse ... to illustrate everyday objects, scenes and incidents in an off-beat way leaving the observer entirely free to interpret the composition and meaning."

"*Pram On Fire III* is a good example of this. The painting is simply of a pram with wild flames coming out of it. Who or what is in it, how they got there, and how the fire started, is unanswered and so the viewer is free to fantasise."

All the works in the show play on this absurd linking of subject matter. In *Tourist Over Lake Torrens*, Hadley illustrates a brightly-coloured South American parrot flying low over a hot desert landscape of South Australia, whilst *Just A Birthday Cake* shows a rich sponge cake apparently oozing with jam and cream. On closer inspection, it is full of dense black smoke.

"A particular favourite of mine is one of a bushy landscape with a white picket fence dividing the painting in two. On one side is the Australian bush and on the other an overgrown lawn. It's entitled *We're Going to Mow The Grass So The Garden Looks Good When The Cat Dies*."

BEARING A RESEMBLANCE

"I've never met an artist quite like Sam Fullbrook," exclaimed art dealer, Rex Irwin. "He's such a contradiction, really, that's the only way I can describe him. Physically, he has the appearance of a Drysdale figure with that distinct, stocky Australian look, but his work is so gentle and soft ... it's just extraordinary." The

'softer' side of Sam Fullbrook can be seen in an exhibition at the Rex Irwin Gallery in Sydney this month. The works are mainly pastel drawings with a few oil paintings and all are of koala bears. Said Irwin, "strange really ... it never occurred to me before, but seeing all the koalas on the walls of the gallery, they all bear a very close resemblance to wise, old chinamen."

A CANVAS OF OPINIONS

The meaning of style, stylistic devices and compositional puzzling comes under close scrutiny at the New South Wales Art Gallery this month. The exhibition is entitled *Composition Is Artists Glue*, and it attempts to decode the meaning of style and illuminate the reasons why and how artists relate objects on the one canvas.

"Often people walk through a gallery and are able to identify what's in a painting or pigeon-hole it into a particular genre ... be it cubist, baroque or impressionist, but not know why it belongs to that movement," commented the exhibition's curator, Robin Norling. "The way an artist glues or joins his world together and the elements he utilises — in other words the style — is what makes a painting."

"Whether it is a realistic or abstract work, from the 16th or 20th Century, the artist is constantly faced with the same problem of how to relate objects to make them work and, in this exhibition, we are attempting to decode this."

Included in *Composition Is Artists Glue* are works by Margaret Preston, Fred Williams, John Coburn and Elioth Gruner.

"We selected *Gum Blossoms* by Margaret Preston because we also have a number of reproductions of that work. This meant that we could place the paintings side by side to



In The Shadow Of Disaster. A linocut by Noel Counihan on show at the National Gallery of Victoria this month.

illustrate the number of options the artist was confronted with and why she finally chose the alternative she did.

"The Fred Williams and John Coburn paintings are used as a means of comparison. Basically, they look totally different but

use the same structural or stylistic devices. The Elioth Gruner work beautifully illustrates the mathematics involved in painting. The composition of it is amazing ... the way Gruner relates object to object is extraordinary."



THE RISE AND RISE OF ROBYN NEVIN

Robyn Nevin is a bit shorter and a lot less serious than her stage image, but as unpretentious and thoughtfully intelligent as you might expect from an actress of her calibre, and definitely more attractive than her somewhat stereotyped film persona. She is undeserving of that long list of downtrodden battling middle-aged women our movie moguls keep assigning her.

As avid theatre program readers will know, Robyn Nevin

is one of the busiest actresses in the country ... one great role seems to roll on from the final lines of the last. She is also one of the very few who have made the leap from starring roles to directing, successfully.

It's not something that can happen overnight. Robyn's directorial urge was nurtured silently for some years before any positive steps were taken. The first serious ideas developed at a time of mid-life crisis.

"I had reached an age and a stage," she says, "when there



didn't seem to be the degree of challenge that had existed before. I was uninspired about my work. The more skilled you become at something and the longer you do it, the more you need to work with people who are going to inspire you to do more. That wasn't happening ... there was a lack of exciting directors and actors, and of actors who were excited.

"Also I was very angry that I was never able to earn the kind of money that anyone else, having worked in any other profession for as long as I had, would be earning. I got terribly sick of it. I was unquestioning of it for years and then ..."

Robyn's voice takes on a degree of irritation in just recalling her frustrations with her career and her problems in raising a daughter single-handed on an actress' earnings. She smokes furiously.

After reading *Passages*, an American do-it-yourself therapy manual, which she loathed,

except for the chapter on the mid-life creative crisis, she decided that she was all burnt out, finished. "I realised that I wasn't bottomless, that I couldn't keep giving and giving and getting nothing back. I was really cross."

She decided to take six months off and virtually hibernated for that time, fulfilling a strong domestic streak and having a quiet contemplative time in which to exorcise her anger.

"I thought about directing, but was very reticent to talk about it. I didn't know how you became a director and there was this fear of failure and of the great responsibility of it. And I just wasn't prepared to take on the politicking of it."

But everything fell into place perfectly, which Robyn says is the story of her life. She was asked to direct a half hour play by Mil Perrin called *Is This Where We Come In*, for the STC's shorts season at The

Stables in 1981. She directed it in four-and-a-half days, while performing in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, a hectic pattern she has repeated every time she has directed.

"Doing two things at once," she explains, "you don't have time to go home and digest the day's work. That time is important to an actor, but it's even more important as a director. 'I've decided I'm not going to do it anymore. Just one thing at a time now.'"

Unless of course, there comes an opportunity too good to miss as was the 1982 Women and Arts Festival's invitation to direct a play at The Stables again. She chose her friend Jennifer Claire's play, *The Butterflies of Kalimantan*.

"I had an immediate instinctive reaction to *Butterflies*. It is very funny and very true. I had to read a lot of plays before I could choose one and was terribly earnest and intellectual about them all, looking for the

good things, but only wanting to do Jennifer's. It's success gave me enormous confidence."

Robyn's next invitation was from The Globos, a group she had admired from their early days at Kinselas as more than simple-minded kids cashing in on a smart idea. She found they were also slick and had terrific energy and sex appeal, qualities which, she says, you don't find in the theatre very often.

And so she continued her string of comedies, following The Globos with a new production of *The Butterflies of Kalimantan* in Melbourne. Robyn is surprised at the list of comedies, given that she has acted in few. It doesn't seem to have mattered, but she says that being an actor does help her as a director because she understands actor's problems, implying that many directors don't.

It's tempting to postulate on what the Nevin style of directing might become, given the benefit of a few serious plays or a couple of classics, where the work of the director is more easily distinguishable from that of the writer.

"I doubt that I'd be the sort of director who imposes a concept on a play because, as an actress, I always am uncomfortable with that," she says. "I like plays to be simply what they are. But there are several directors who do brilliantly clever things with plays ... encourage set designs which are symbolic and abstract, and set plays in specifically different times.

"As a director, I tend to let things grow, just develop, some force seems to take them over. If a play is any good, it will happen and speak for itself, if the director will let it. So I tend to leave the end to resolve itself, because if it's well written and well structured, it will happen that way ... that's my experience as an actress anyway.

"But I can't sit around here in an abstract fashion thinking about these things until I get a play ... I don't think I will have to politic. I'm not in a hurry. Things will come my way. I'm doing it," she shrugs, pleased.

It is obvious that Robyn Nevin has regained her excitement in the theatre ... the mid-life creative crisis has passed.

ROBIN POWELL

Gallery

DOROTHY HEWETT LETS HER HAIR DOWN

Dorothy Hewett celebrated her 60th birthday this year. At the party in her Kings Cross house, she wore a red velvet robe and her white/blonde hair flowing round her shoulders. The cake showed a similarly blond Alice in Wonderland at the Mad Hatter's tea party.

Dorothy is an unashamed romantic. She mythologises her lovers, friends and enemies and recounts the events of her life as though they were the plot of a tragi-comic melodrama. The title of her first book of poems, *Rapunzel in Suburbia*, was an apt one. She manages to weave a fairytale web out of the mundanity that is most people's existence, in her poetry and her plays. Rapunzel let down her hair for the prince to climb up. Sally Banier in her play *The Chapel Perilous*, wears her golden hair "like shining armour". Even at 60, Dorothy Hewett refuses to discard the tresses that symbolise her unconventional, romantic attitude to life.

She was born in the wheat belt of Western Australia, and had a well-heeled but wild childhood, with no formal education until she went to a private girls school in Perth at the age of 13. But this didn't stop her writing sagas like

Lynette The Gypsy Dancer for performance by the local Wickepin youth, and other dramas in which she played the heroine and her sister all other roles. Her plots were culled from the magical movies she saw regularly at her grandparents' Regal Theatre ... the art deco edifice in Subiaco, paradoxically now operating as a live theatre.

She won a poetry competition at 19, had a play performed by the Dramatic Society while she was at the University of WA and determined to become a great actress. But instead she joined the Communist Party and married a radical young Perth lawyer. She had his baby and then left him to go and join the proletariat in Sydney with a charismatic but paranoid boilermaker, Les Flood.

Her experience of Redfern factory life in the Fifties is recorded in her sympathetic novel of that period, *Bobbin' Up*, and also in her first play, *This Old Man Comes Rolling Home*. Hewett bore three sons out of wedlock to Les Flood and eventually returned with them, but not him, to Perth to become a tutor in English at her alma mater.

But the groves of academe were not enough. She was persuaded by friends, and her own desire to listen to the muse,



Dorothy Hewett (above) with characters from *Rapunzel in Suburbia* (top).

to start writing again after her dry, CP period in which she felt more committed to general political action than to individual creativity. Eventually, in 1971, her most critically-acclaimed play, *The Chapel Perilous*, emerged and was successfully produced. Now married to seaman/poet Merv Lilley, and with two daughters, she moved to Sydney to write full time with the help of a grant from the Literature Board.

Since then the flood of plays and poetry has never ceased. She wrote *Bon Bons And Roses For Dolly*, based on the stardust dreams of the family picture palace; *The Tatty Hollow Story* in which the ubiquitous golden-haired heroine is metaphorically torn apart by her lovers past and present; *The Golden Oldies* where generations of women in a family try to come to terms with one another; *The Beautiful Mrs Portland* about romantic and sexual love in middle-age; and *Pandora's Cross* based on the

Gallery

Kings Cross figures of Rosaleen Norton, Juanita Neilsen and the fictitious poet Ern Malley.

But it wasn't until 1980/81 and *The Man From Mukinupin*, first in Perth and then at the Sydney Theatre Company, that Dorothy Hewett achieved an out-and-out success. Her tender unmythological depiction of small town Australia. This year the more epic melodrama *Fields of Heavean* had a similar, if more mixed response.

Now her poetry collection *Rapunzel in Suburbia* is to be staged at the Marionette Theatre of Australia's new theatre in the Rocks, in an extraordinary vision by designer Kim Carpenter. He has made a selection of the poems from that volume, including fantasy fairytale ones with more direct narrative ones, and woven them into a storyline that bears some resemblance to Dorothy Hewett's life.

Two actresses, one young, one older, will divide between them the poems on childhood and youth and on middle-age and beyond. The show will open with the *Rapunzel in Suburbia* poem and end with *Grey Fairy Tale*, a modern reworking of the Rapunzel story.

Taking part with the actresses will be a number of life-size and larger-than-life-size puppets, all in a stark white set, with puppeteers masked by white costumes (instead of the traditional black).

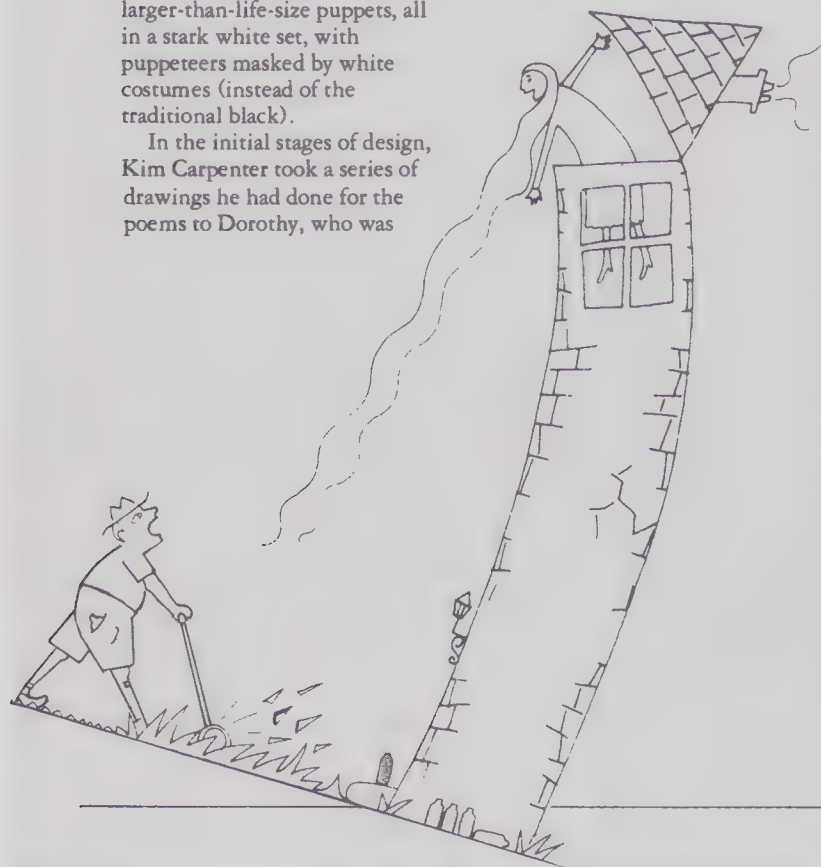
In the initial stages of design, Kim Carpenter took a series of drawings he had done for the poems to Dorothy, who was

amazed and impressed. "He certainly understood the poems," she said. "Some of the drawings are very romantic, others very macabre and some have a surreal quality. In parts they are frightening ... as if one's darkest subconscious terrors and desires have been made quite palable."

"When the poems are made visual like that, things come out that were quite deeply buried. There are huge, over-upholstered chairs with tiny figures on them. Huge, grotesque, shadowy figures that lurk and lumber out of the sides of pictures and, for one poem, *Calling On Mother*, the most amazing collection of bizarre paraphernalia that one associates with mother."

Rapunzel in Suburbia opens at Sydney's Old Sailors' Home on October 29, and in November her first operetta, *Christina's World*, will play for two nights at the Seymour Centre. In December, a children's play, *Zoo*, written with poet Robert Adamson, will be performed by the Australian Theatre for Young People, also at the Marionette Theatre. She is also co-writing a play on tent shows with Robert Page called *Me And The Man in the Moon*. Dorothy Hewett's extraordinary and intriguing vision of life continues to take her into new areas and to new audiences.

LUCY WAGNER



Nelly Miricioiu who will be singing with the Australian Opera for their 1984 season.

HIGH NOTES IN OPERA SEASON

Perhaps the most exciting element of the Australian Opera Company's 1984 season is the number of large scale operas it intends to produce. Or maybe it's the boldness of the new works they will be staging. It may even be the return of the major Australian and overseas opera stars. But whatever the reason, this year's program is sure to excite a wide audience.

Of all the new works the company will be staging, *Dialogues Of The Carmelites* is one of the most adventurous. The opera, which has become a major drawcard at international venues like Covent Garden and The Metropolitan Opera, will be staged by the duo who ingeniously created the company's production of *Boris Godunov* for the last season, director Elijah Moshinsky and designer John Bury.

Two other important new productions are *Fiddler On The Roof*, which transfixed audiences 20 years ago when it opened as a stage play on Broadway and is sure to delight opera-goers, and finally a triple bill entitled *An Evening With Gilbert, Offenbach*

and Sullivan when audiences will see the world premiere of *Grand Pas de Deux* taken from Offenbach's *Papillon*, plus *Trial By Jury* and *Ba-ta-clan* developed into one evening of entertainment.

Included in the roll call of opera stars for the season are Joan Sutherland and Richard Bonyng who will be marking a 10-year association with the Australian Opera in Tito Capobianco's opera, *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* by Offenbach.

Leona Mitchell of the Metropolitan Opera returns to sing the lead role in *Aida*; Nelly Miricioiu, the Rumanian star whose appearances at Covent Garden, the Paris Opera and La Scala has won her world wide acclaim, marks her debut with the role of Violetta in *La Traviatta*; and Alberto Remedios from Britain who will sing in *Otello*.

The exciting large-scale productions include a restaging of Verdi's classic opera, *Aida*, and *Das Ringgold* one of the operas from the Ring Cycle, which will be conducted by Carlo Felice Cillario and designed by Allan Lees and Desmond Digby.



Top and above: Scenes from George Lucas's new blockbuster film, *Return Of The Jedi*.

Gallery

A CELEBRATION OF SUBURBIA

Apartment blocks, nosy neighbours and domestic arguments provide the Australian Dance Theatre with the theme for its new production which can be seen in Adelaide this month and other States shortly. *Paper Walls* is a show comprising separate dance acts all working around the one environment, that of an apartment building.

"Initially, the idea began with a working title, *The Environmental Show*," admitted Joe Scoglio of the ADT. "From this, we developed the specific environment of a tenement building and asked four different choreographers from the company to design a dance around this theme. The result ... *Paper Walls*."

"The idea was that in most apartment blocks, the walls are so thin you can hear everything that's going on around you. Individuals are compartmentalised and the building becomes like a single person

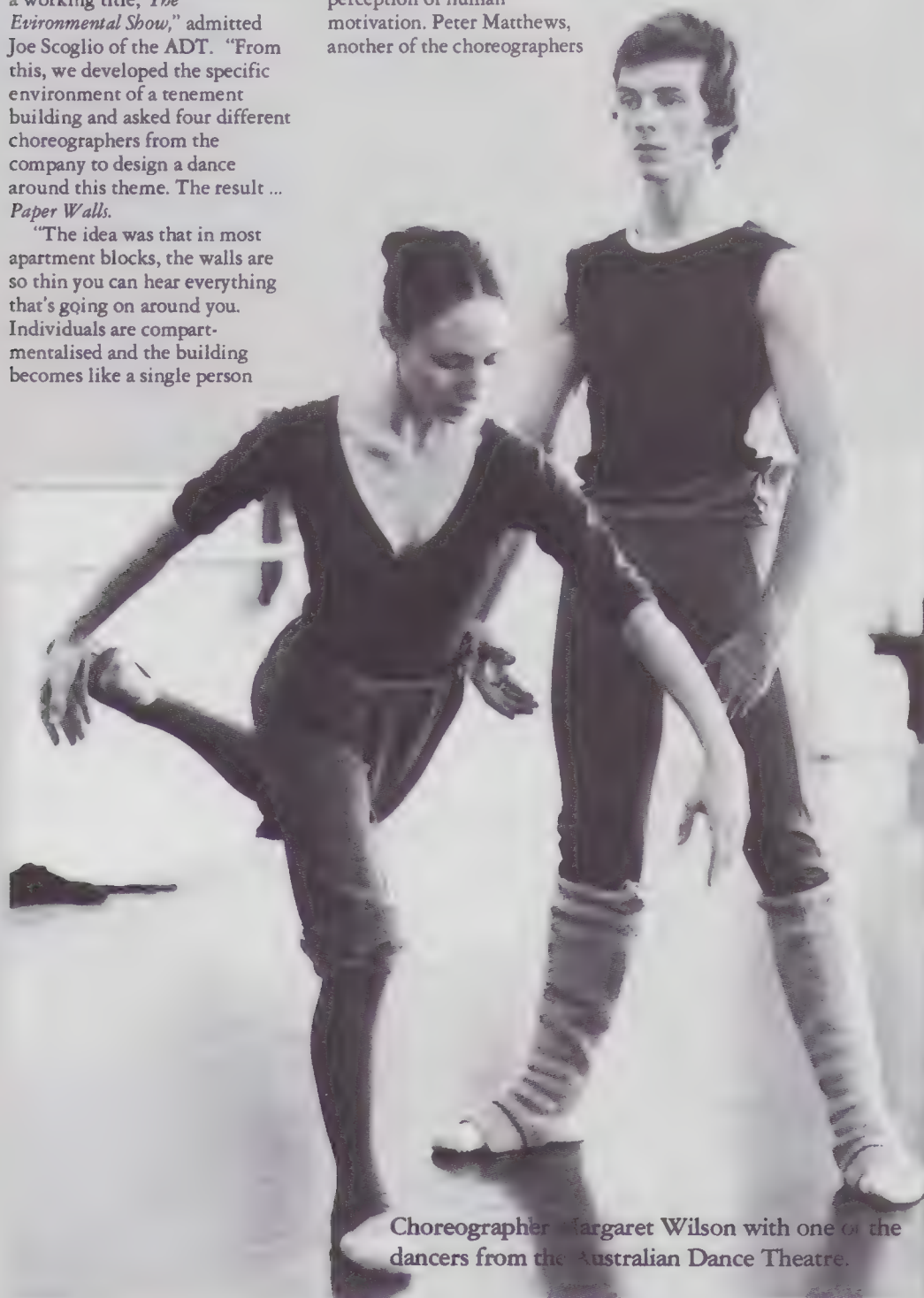
comprised of different elements, characteristics and traits.

"Furthermore, the building provides the perfect vehicle for the choreographers to create different stories, dramas and conflicts. It will also expose a great deal about the personality of each of them.

"For instance, Margaret Wilson, one of the leading dancers of the company is a fairly intense choreographer with an exceptional sense of humour and incredible insight and perception of human motivation. Peter Matthews, another of the choreographers

has had a classic training in dance at the Victorian College of The Arts, whilst John Salisbury is an ex-drama student and, therefore, has a non-conventional dance background.

"Me? Well, my background is dance through and through. I began dancing with small companies in New York, then worked with a classical ballet company in Canada before moving to London to dance with Ballet Rambert."



Choreographer Margaret Wilson with one of the dancers from the Australian Dance Theatre.



Jim Szerman



Michael Blakemore plays his father in *A Personal History Of The Australian Surf*.



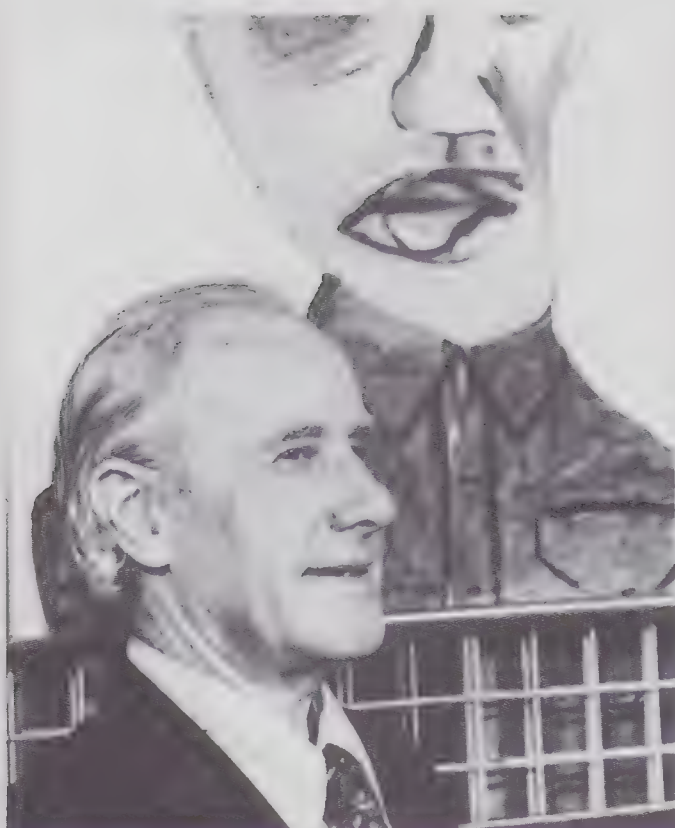
BLAKEMORE RIDES CREST OF WAVE

When Michael Blakemore comes to Sydney, he stays near Bondi. It's his closest link to Australia. He even made a film about it ... *A Personal History Of The Australian Surf*. But the film is less about the Australian surf than it is about the life of the young Blakemore and his attraction to a theatrical world that didn't really exist in

Australia at that time.

He surfed, like most everyone else, at Bondi, as indeed he still does even in June, but found the sea a hugely discouraging influence because, he says now, overlooking it from a hotel room, "When you live with remarkable natural beauty, it tends to diminish you. It's so strong, it makes everything else you do seem silly."

Lured by the myth of the mother country, he escaped the



Above: Sidney Nolan whose work is currently on show at the National Gallery of Victoria.

Below: Ermanno Mauro is one of the international stars performing with the Australian Opera in their 1984 season.



oppression of the Pacific for the hub of the universe, London. Though not quite what he had been led to expect, it was nevertheless a massive relief. "It was wonderfully liberating. People didn't talk personality." And, of course, there was theatre.

Blakemore stayed in England for 15 years before he returned here for a visit in 1965. He hated it. "England was in massive upheaval but Australia was exactly the same. It didn't seem to have changed a brick." But on his visit in '72, he started to like Australia and now he thinks it gets better every time he comes back.

In the time it took to start enjoying Australia, Michael Blakemore became a big name in English theatre circles. He studied at RADA and acted for 15 years, gradually moving from weekly provincial reps to roles with the Royal Shakespeare Company and London runs.

He had always wanted to be a director, and the break came with his friend Peter Nichols' controversial play, *A Day In The Death Of Joe Egg*. It starred Albert Finney and was hugely successful, leading Blakemore to become a part of the Royal Court group of new directors.

He subsequently directed Deborah Kerr in *Candide*, became associate director of the National Theatre and directed *The Front Page*, *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, *The Cherry Orchard* with Lord Oliver, and Vanessa Redgrave in *Design For Living*. But Australian theatre audiences will know him best for his direction of Michael Frayn's comedy, *Noises Off*, which recently finished a national tour.

And now Blakemore is translating his particular and considerable theatrical expertise to film. *Personal History* is his first attempt. He needed a low budget story that he could be authoritative about, as he wanted to write his own script. Childhood was the obvious choice.

"The first 20 years of one's life are the great source of point of view, if not material. When I think of story ideas, I think of Australia. I don't really feel English. I feel Australian," he says with an English accent and sensibilities I read as being English.

This disagreement is a tension as we talk. I think his

film looks like it was made by someone who no longer knows Australia. He doesn't. He believes that a person never loses the culture they were born with. I believe they can.

But he acknowledges that Australia has changed an awful lot since the end of his childhood and the end of mine. "Australia gives a different feel now," he says. "Less authoritarian, less constricted ... The film is trying to say that being Australian is sufficient. We were always looking over our shoulders at England. We lived a copy cat existence of the English."

Though he admits that things are a little better now, he still thinks that Australians are tough on the talent that stays here and that we are surprised when the local product does well overseas.

"All Australians endlessly question their identity. They depend on an influx of ideas from abroad. The French and English are so effortlessly French or English that they'd never question it. That's very relaxing in a way because they make the same assumptions about you."

Don't be mistaken — there are things that Michael Blakemore likes about Australians. "There is a remarkable uncorrupted innocence and honesty. The terrible tragedies of the world have largely passed Australia by, so there is still a belief in a kind of humanism and honour among individuals. But overseas still intimidates Australians. They are just getting away from an uneasy feeling of being outcasts from European life."

Blakemore's film has been a controversy. Some critics praise it as a sociological study of its time and because it suggests the problems of culture and sexuality that beset Australia at that time. Others are annoyed because the film takes only a superficial look at those questions and, though it skirts a discussion of cultural cringe, it perpetrates the problem through an overall dismissive and patronising tone towards Australia.

Blakemore is surprised at the degree of reaction, but definitely encouraged. He has more film ideas and is looking for investors who want no creative control. But as the film industry, knows, that particular breed is becoming extinct.

ROBIN POWELL



**THE SYDNEY
THEATRE
COMPANY**
at the
**SYDNEY
OPERA
HOUSE**
Drama Theatre

SIR ROBERT HELPMANN
as Lord Alfred Douglas
in

THE COBRA

by **JUSTIN FLEMING**

Co-starring

MARK LEE

as the young Lord Alfred
and

TIM ELIOTT

with

FREDERICK PARSLOW

as Oscar Wilde

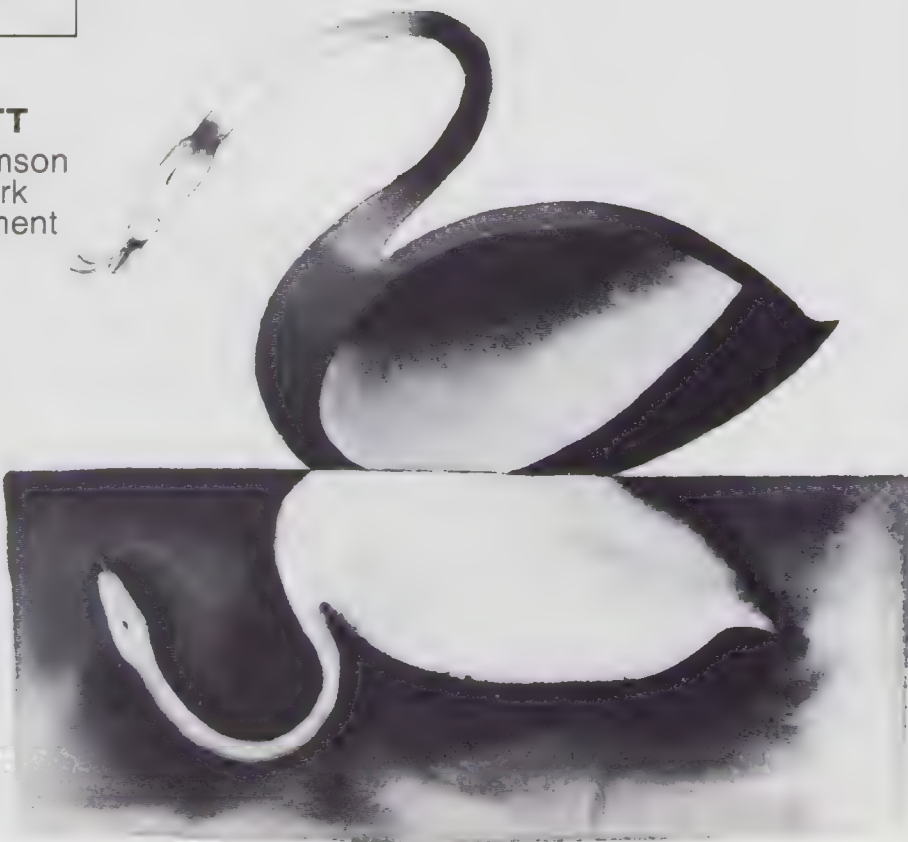
Directed by

RICHARD WHERRETT

Settings by Brian Thomson

Costumes by Roger Kirk

Lighting by John Rayment



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PREMIERE SEASON
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42 Above: posed in front of a badly painted, badly observed bush scene on a false grass mat, the incongruous realities of this prospector's 1,500-kilometre trip to the goldrush
 43 come touchingly alive. 'Returned from the Mt Ragged rush.' Mt Ragged is in the arid desert in the south of Western Australia, near the Great Australian Bight. The journey
 was across a wilderness with very few towns or settlements on the way. Unknown, c. 1900.

Image Of A Nation

Photographer David Moore and writer Rodney Hall have collaborated to produce a significant new book dramatically illustrating social change in Australia.

The documentary photographer has long shouldered the responsibility of saying to the world 'it is like this'. We look back 30, 50, 100 years or more and marvel at the apparent exactness of photographic information. The time-machine of the camera can instantly transport us through the past, place us in the very spot where the tripod once left its marks in the dust and permit us the privilege of being witness to a time which cannot be repeated.

The still, silent scene is confronted with wonder, almost as if we expect to hear a dog bark in the distance or see leaves moved by the breeze. Yet all will be forever frozen in the grip of the emulsion. People, animals, trains and ships will remain trapped by the release of the camera shutter. The photographer — master craftsman of image — has embalmed a corner of the world for our future study.

Since the 1830s, the continuous flow of photographs has created an ever-rising flood. Each day the volume increases and each day more pictures of interest become buried. John Szarkowski, director of the department of photography at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, once said that there are more photographs in the world than bricks. Research for this book shows evidence that his statement is probably true.

One of the starting points for the project was a belief that major institutional archives in Australia and London contained many rich and absorbing photographs that previously had not been seen by the public. There was indeed much to discover, however we have not attempted an encyclopaedic coverage of all that occurred in one hundred years of the nation's history. Instead we have tried to give a feeling of the changing times which cast the mould for what Australia has become in the 1980s.

Photography of value has required an attitude of care and attention since the beginnings of the science. Today, we tend to overlook this fact in the age of automation. In the mid-19th Century, relatively insensitive emulsions coupled with lenses that seriously restricted the amount of light which could pass to the plate, made the recording of images a meticulous task.

Also, because of the need to produce huge negatives (before the technique of enlargement had been developed), equipment was often of gargantuan proportions. Glass plates up to a size of 15 x 12 inches were common and the camera itself was consequently enormous in order to accept these precious vehicles for the light-sensi-

tive emulsion. Transport — over rough tracks, across deserts and through forests — was a difficult and delicate exercise demanding great stamina from the pioneer photographers.

There was the even greater challenge faced by photographers before the introduction of the dry plate around 1880. Although it was a technical revolution when it became available in 1851, the wet collodion process was something of a headache for photographers. The light-sensitive emulsion needed to be applied to the glass plate, the exposure made and the negative developed before the emulsion had dried ... a matter of a few short minutes.

Should the photograph be one made in a studio, with all darkroom facilities readily at hand, the process — although exacting — was not particularly arduous. However, in order to make pictures in the field, photographers were forced to include a portable darkroom and chemicals, along with all other necessary equipment when they set off from their base.

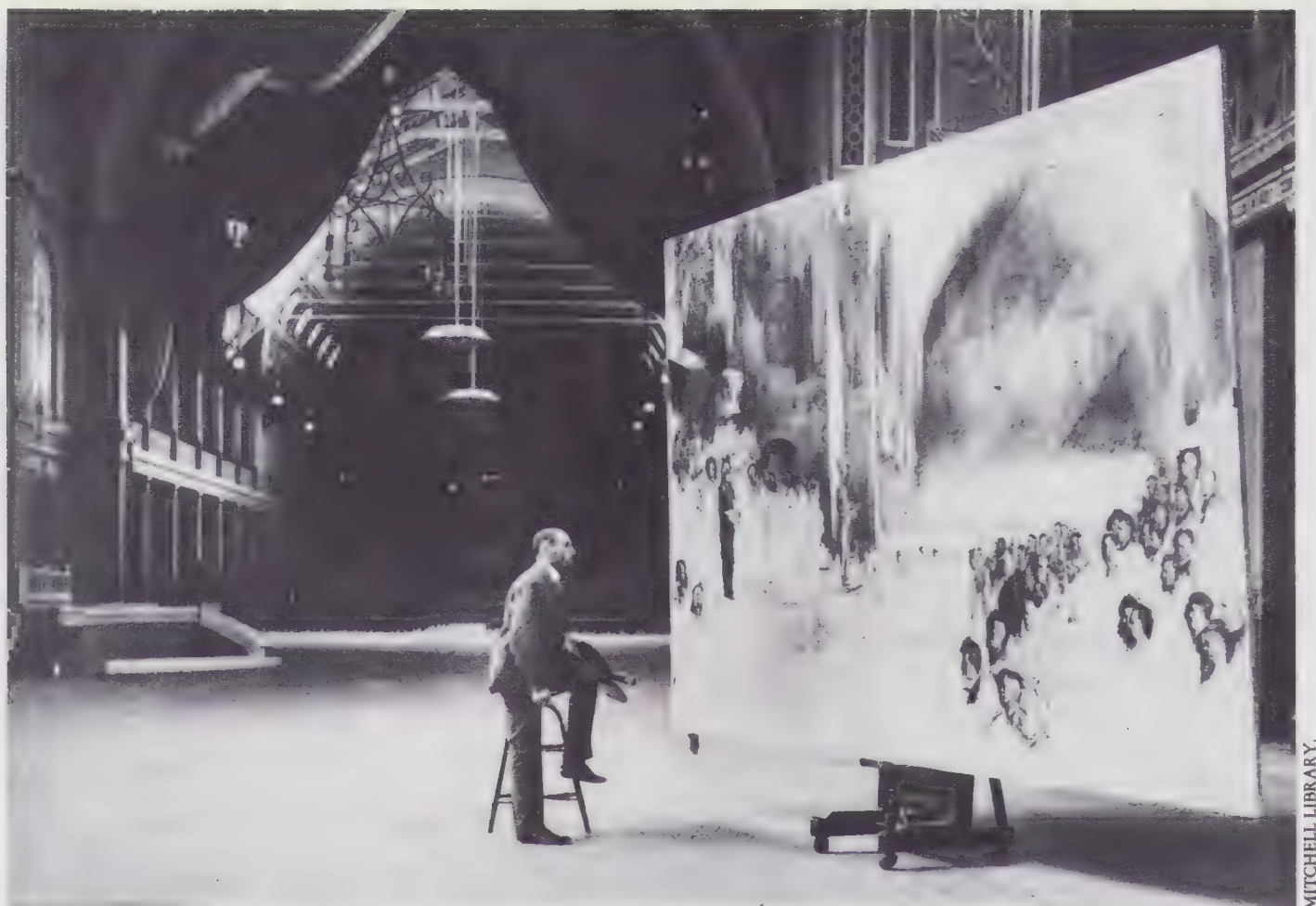
The photographer's horse-drawn caravan became a familiar sight as it trundled into outback towns and camps across the nation for a period of three decades until the blessed, pre-packaged dry plate was marketed.

If the sheer size and bulk of equipment was a hindrance to some early masters of the camera, we can but applaud the efforts of the enterprising Bernard Otto Holtermann, as an example of Victorian ingenuity.

Wishing to produce a series of panoramic photographs of Sydney Harbour in 1874, Holtermann first built a masonry tower in North Sydney some 73 feet high. With his 24-year-old associate Charles Bayliss in charge of technical requirements, Holtermann then proceeded to construct the world's largest camera.

Into the wall of the top room in the tower was fitted a specially imported 100 inch focal length lens which faced the harbour. Opposite, on the northern wall, a construction for holding an enormous sheet of glass was fixed.

When conditions were judged to be right for photography, Bayliss set to work under the red glow of illumination to which the plates would not be sensitive. Carefully, he coated a plate of glass with emulsion then transferred it to the plate-holder construction. Next he uncapped the inside of the huge lens for the desired exposure time, recapped it and removed the now-exposed plate carrying its latent image. The negative was immediately processed



MITCHELL LIBRARY.

Artist Tom Roberts poses with his painting of the opening of the first Australian Parliament in Melbourne, 1901. The canvas was eventually completed in London in 1903. T. Humphrey and Co., c. 1901.

and fixed in previously prepared baths of chemicals. The precious glass plate was then manhandled down several flights of narrow stairs to be dried by the heat of an open fire.

Returning to the camera room, Bayliss altered the direction of the lens and repeated the laborious process twice more until he finished with three distinct images of the harbour. Whether it was intended that these three pictures would be sequentially panoramic, so the total view could be mounted as one enormous sweep, is not clear for two of the negatives cover a similar area of the landscape whilst the third leaves an unexplained gap covering part of McMahon's Point. Perhaps there was a fourth negative which showed the missing area, or could it have been that an error of lens alignment omitted part of the view?

Unfortunately, it is likely that this intriguing puzzle will remain unsolved, for today only three negatives of this size exist. Nevertheless, despite apparent inaccuracies, the achievement of Bayliss and Holtermann was an astounding technical feat for they were not working with plates of 12" x 10" or even 15" x 1", rather they were making history with what were then the world's largest sensitized sheets of glass. Two measured 4'6" x 3'2" and the other 5'0" x 3'2". The unique documents of photography are now safely housed in the Mitchell Library of New South Wales.

Holtermann was delighted with the results and in 1876 he exhibited prints from these remarkable negatives in San Francisco and Philadelphia. Then in 1878, he took them to Paris to be displayed at the *Exposition Universelle Internationale* where he was honoured by the award of a silver medal.

The diligence of early photographers and the obvious pride they took in their work fills us with respect. It is apparent in much surviving material that there was a pursuit of excellence to the very highest standards current in the field.

From the precious, mirror-backed daguerreotypes, dating from



1839 (from which it was not possible to make duplicate images) through to the later development of prints on sensitized paper where multiple printing from the original negative becomes commonplace, we can see that photographers throughout the world respected the medium as a vehicle for communication where fidelity of rendition was of paramount importance.

Visual information was recorded for all time as it had never been recorded before. The documentary artist with his pen or brush finally had to admit that the line the camera could draw was more faithful to reality than that which flowed from his hand.

For this reason alone, if for no other, archives housing historic photographs bear an awesome custodial responsibility. Destruction of just one glass plate or original print, means an extinguished light leaving a black hole in the rich fabric of our past.

Sadly, we cannot remain totally convinced that the same high standards exhibited by many 19th Century photographers applied in the first half of the century which followed.

It seems reasonable to assume that the simplification of the process and the invention of the roll film camera played some part in the decline. After all, if pictures are being made with 15 x 12 inch glass plates, the shutter release is not tripped until the total picture has been most carefully considered and all technical variables determined.

The concern for structure and tonal balance became less evident in much 20th Century photography. In some cases, technique became downright sloppy and often the sharpness of detail was poor compared to photography which had been produced 50 to 75 years earlier.

The 'pictorial movement' of 'Art' photography did little for factual documentation of our land or society. After being presented with the glorious gift of clear vision by dedicated optical engineers, many photographers turned their backs on technical precision and

On the Yarra. N. J. Caire, n.d.



46

47 *Enjoying the euphoria of embarkation, troops of the 6th Division leave for the Middle East. Unknown, 1940.*



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL.



48 Above: Visitors at a blowhole, known as the Remarkable Cave. Even the present tame moment is given a touch of danger by knowing that during high seas massive forces of
49 water rush through this opening. It was near this place that Able Tasman, usually credited with being the first European to explore the Tasmanian coast, came ashore and set
up the Dutch flag in December 1642. Unknown, n.d.



Above: If conditions are not tiresomely wet, the chances are they're desperately dry. Narrandera, one of the oldest towns in the wheat-farming Riverina district of NSW, prepares for the onslaught of a dust storm. Afterwards there will remain the labour of cleaning up, inside as well as outside — and this was before the invention of the vacuum cleaner! C. T. Dugdale, 1903.

wasted a great deal of time — and film — trying to make their images resemble inept and meaningless paintings.

It was only the really sincere and capable photographers, such as Harold Cazneaux, who managed to hold the medium in relative control. This was achieved by a genuine understanding of light and form as well as structure and balance within the frame.

The first photographs ever made in Australia, date from some time in the early 1840s. Probably the very first was taken by a visiting Frenchman who seems to have returned to Europe with his image. This effectively deprived Australia of a unique artefact, as numerous searches in the archives of France have so far failed to trace this important picture of Bridge Street, Sydney.

The collection of photographs in this book spans a period of slightly more than a century. At the outset it was intended that the limits of enquiry would be established by the dates 1850-1950. However, research identified two images which pre-date the middle of the last century so it seemed reasonable to include them not only because of their historical significance but also as examples of fine photographic vision.

The period immediately following the end of the Second World War witnessed the beginnings of much social change across the nation. By 1950, Australia, together with most of the western world, looked forward to a future vastly different from the familiar patterns and attitudes which were so traumatically terminated in 1939 by world conflict. The mid point of the century became a dividing line, and this was where we decided to leave our examination of the country and its peoples.

This volume seeks to acknowledge and celebrate the finest photography of the past. Additionally it may provide a framework for understanding for the identity of Australia's future generations.

● *From: Australia: Image Of A Nation by David Moore and Rodney Hall. Published by Collins Australia and available from October 23. RRP \$45.*



CONFESSIONS OF A COUNTER CULTURE

*Counter intelligence agent Jan Smith reports on the genetic peril of
backgammon addiction.*

Admittedly, there are people who do not consider the backgammon buff at all. They also do their best to avoid people who enthuse about chess, computers, cryptic cross-words and Rubik's cube, believing them to be an extra-terrestrial breed who pose a distinct genetic peril.

Still, should a loved one become involved with a backgammon player, the question must be faced squarely, and lately, there has been a strong implication that it could all be a nasty echo of *Rosemary's Baby*, wherein a normal person could be saddled with pink-eyed, nicotine-stained offspring speaking a foreign language about backward games and *chouette* ... whose idea of toil is to reach for another snort of J&B.

All lies, says Eva and Ivor Bitel, of Castle Cove, whose children, Sura and Darryl, are every inch the healthy sort of kid you expect to see around Sydney's respectable North Shore. Darryl is a bit hooked on Atari games, but Sura would give her right arm for a horse, and says the backgammon is perfectly legit as an activity at Wenona, which is hardly a forcing ground for little lady gamblers.

But what does upset the Bitels is that they belong, you might say, to the silent majority of backgammon lovers whose exemplary home life and regular habits just never seem to make the headlines ... elbowed out on the one side by "the high flyers and low lifers" (Eva's expression) commuting to Las Vegas and Monte Carlo, and on the other by dire articles in *Psychology Today* about the perils of compulsive gambling ... *new insights into a personality disorder that poses a growing security threat to both governments and industry*, as the September 1982 issue puts it.

To the uninitiated, it should be explained that backgammon has been around for the last 3,000 years without causing undue harm to moral fibre and family life. As Ivor Bitel explains, it was invented by the Persian nobility, who cannot have been too concerned about the security risk, and is known today in the Middle East by its Arabic-Hebrew name of *shishpish*, literally six-five. In Greece, it is known as *tavli* and, true to tradition, is definitely a man's business, played in fuggy *katheneions* by grizzled, coffee-swilling patriarchs.

There's a theory that further to the West, nice European children get the knack in the nursery playing a game called *tric trac*. As in Strauss's Tric Trac Polka? Eva Bitel cannot say, being brought up in Prague, where "there was definitely no tric trac, although my mother gave bridge lessons before we emigrated to Australia in 1949." (Ivor, a Londoner, swears that he only played chess in his youth.)

"So don't think we Europeans necessarily get a head start," says Eva. "In fact those who *do* play tric trac in their formative years certainly don't use the doubling cube" ... a fiendish device invented by Americans which makes everything much swifter and trickier. "You have an option to double or resign," Ivor points out.

Actually, says Eva Bitel, a lot of Europeans and Middle Easterners who'd be terrific potential players — like their Greek neighbour — simply get disheartened and give up altogether when faced with the doubling cube. Not to mention the distressing fact that in the West, they're liable to face females like herself who don't just *play* backgammon, but occa-





It's not hard to calculate the probabilities of meeting a better type of person at the backgammon table.

sionally win.

Despite the Americans' re-vamping of backgammon, and their tendency to become rather obsessive, publishing all manner of complicated statistics on chance and probability and 16 ways to become a backgammon millionaire, Eva and Ivor remain grateful.

"We were just muddling along with the usual games like chess and scrabble when a visiting American Fellow" (a haematologist like herself, she explains, who was doing a year's research into leukaemia at Sydney Hospital) "showed us the ropes. Hardly a pink-eyed, obsessive security threat," she smiles.

All the same, the Bitels admit that backgammon does something for the adrenalin which you don't get from chess or scrabble. "When you've got a few hours to kill at an airport," says Ivor, "backgammon can be a god-send. Though with the magnetic board, or even a leather one, there's not that mesmerising slap of the counters you get on the old wooden boards."

Apparently this works on the lines of chanting, or the didgeridoo. Anyway, Ivor reckons it must be all part of the *macho* thrill. "You can tell a lot about a player's personality by the way he slaps down the counters."

Thanks to their instruction from the American doctor, the Bitels were well prepared for the major backgammon invasion of Australia which occurred in the mid-1970s, when Dunhill — no

less aware of backgammon's jetset image than are Justerini and Brooks, the other major sponsor — ran a 17-week tournament at Pip's nightclub.

Shortly afterwards, the Backgammon Club of Australia began to hold monthly games at the Hyatt Kingsgate in Kings Cross, and for those who felt even this was not enough, there was born The Players' Club in Double Bay ... open 24 hours a day over the Genghis Khan Restaurant at a cost of \$5 per daylight session, and \$2 per hour after 1 pm.

It's not only the Bitels who worry about the image of the backgammon player. The Players' Club management itself tends to get defensive about misguided media stereotypes, and sneaky suspicions by lay persons that it's all a bit like those laboratory frogs which continue to copulate even after their spinal cords are severed.

They can notice the difference between rump steak and fillet, at least," says organiser Katharina Wallace, reprovingly, pointing out that players have been known to stop for a meal and even talk to members of the opposite sex.

"I've had some success at getting my girlfriends interested," says Tony Burke, a GP who discovered backgammon five years ago. "But a lot of them disapprove because of the gambling aspect, which is by no means essential.

"Backgammon men also find themselves travelling rather often — to Noah's in Melbourne or the Sundance

Inn at Falls Creek, if not your actual Las Vegas — which could make ladies uneasy.

Meanwhile, another Players' Club regular, from the Philippines, insists that he's played in American discos professionally and the women there are far less squeamish. "Lucille Ball, Diana Ross, Cheryl Ladd ... they're at it seven days a week," he says.

Even so, it's hard to equate backgammon with tender passion, or, Lucille and Co. notwithstanding, to feel that "Why Are There No Great Women Backgammon Players?" is a burning question.

Eva and Igor Bitel have tried to demonstrate, nicely, at the annual backgammon promotions in Sydney's Martin Place, that it's no great mystery. You can learn the basic technique in five minutes and maybe score a gift bottle of J&B or a Cathay Pacific trip to Hong Kong, depending on the promoters. But the trouble clearly lies in the education process.

"We had this incredibly-boring Indian teacher, for history, when I was at Sydney Boys' High School," says Tony Zeigler, an Australian champion who, unlike some others, actually holds down an important business by day. "I mean, you had to fight back somehow. Some boys memorised lists of American Presidents. Even the names of Australian Prime Ministers. I was just lucky to pick backgammon."

Somehow, it makes you feel happier about horses. Or even Atari. ●

*"The Chicago Orchestra
looks like the Austro-
Hungarian Empire."
Sir Charles Mackerras*



Knights Of The Arts

Sir Charles Mackerras

When Sir Charles Mackerras left Australia in 1947 on the good ship Rangitiki, he was principal oboe in the Sydney Symphony Orchestra. Concert-going in those days was, he says, a slightly-stuffier affair than it is now.

"It was terribly posh and there was a lot of that kind of attitude among the upper to rich classes that the wife must always be very elegant and well educated and the husband was, well, what they call 'ocker'.

"On any occasion when they would go visiting, the men would all get together and 'get shickered' as they say and drink large quantities of beer, and the ladies would indulge in cultural conversation.

"There is still something of that in Australia — and it is absolutely exclusive to Australia — but I'm happy to say I find less of it than I used to, and that, I'm also happy to say, is despite the fact that Sir Les Patterson is a relatively new invention."

Sir Charles has assumed a degree of British waffle in his years abroad but there is still a great deal of very obvious enthusiasm for music, listener's attitudes apart.

In fact, Sir Charles has what writers of children's books used to call 'twinkling eyes'. He is not at all caught up in the pomp and circumstances of his knighthood, which came as a great surprise to him four years ago. Nor is he involved with the elitism that so often surrounds classical music and opera in particular and which is personified, in some people's opinions, by Sir Charles' famous brother, the headmaster of Sydney Boys' Grammar. Instead he is friendly and amusing.

Australian music has improved a great deal since the young Mackerras sailed off for fame and fortune, and he lays a lot of the credit at the feet of Australia's European immigrants, with their strong musical traditions.

"They have had a very beneficial effect," says Sir Charles, "... as indeed they had on American music half a century ago. American orchestras would not be where they are now if it were not for that influence — the great composers, conductors

and players from Europe. Just as the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, and so many others around this country, are full of Czechs and Hungarians, so are the great American orchestras. The Chicago Orchestra looks like the Austro-Hungarian Empire."

But Sir Charles is eager to point out that the maturing of Australian orchestras was not just due to the influx of European talent. The main factor has been the improvement in the speed and convenience of travel. Australia is no longer too far away, though it's still far enough, for top international artists to come for a short period of time. Australians who go abroad, can now come back without immediately being branded as 'rejects from overseas'.

Indeed Australians seem to be getting over some of the symptoms of the much-documented Cultural Cringe. People are no longer embarrassed by local cultural product and local achievements are not immediately assumed to be inferior to the European examples.

Balancing this is the paranoia about Australian artists leaving the country, and the ex-communication reflex towards those who head for the States, in particular.

Sir Charles disputes that his appointment as the first Australian principal conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra has anything to do with a burgeoning national pride in the 'Local Boys Made Good'.

"It is only coincidence that I am the only Australian to be appointed chief conductor of the SSO. It's not that they would not have appointed an Australian earlier, but that I am the only Australian in the world with symphonic experience. I'm the only one. I'm not, in this respect, skiting," he adds hastily. "I am merely stating the fact."

In his three years as chief conductor, Sir Charles has tried to introduce some more unusual works into the concert program. Indeed he is rare among symphony conductors for his great interest in, and knowledge of, musicology — the study of

Records show that Australia's aspiring knights would be better advised to walk the corridors of industry and commerce than to tread the boards of the arts. We have produced only a handful of cultural knights and even fewer dames.

Robin Powell talks to three knights of the arts about their life, their work and the state of the arts in Australia.

the original manuscripts and early editions of the composers of the baroque period in particular.

"I'm interested in the re-creating of the baroque performance — the style of performance that would have existed in Mozart's time, which is not normally the sort of thing conductors are interested in. They are usually more interested in creating an impressive performance.

"They have been trained in certain styles and they do not question the immediate past. They are convinced that the tradition they were brought up in, is correct. Maybe ... because of the Australian's lack of confidence in his own achievements and about his own country ... maybe, that is what induced me originally to question the way things were being performed. It's possible. I've never



"Australia has not yet seen its Golden Era of the Ballet." — Sir Robert Helpmann

thought of that before."

Sir Charles is pleased with the idea, and rephrases it a few times before continuing about what baroque performance actually is.

"It acquires a whole different outlook to the printed page ... to the written note," he explains. "A modern orchestral player is absolutely required to play exactly what is there. Conductors of the 20th Century have been at great pains to point out to orchestral players the exact meaning of what is on the page. This is a very new concept.

"Players now must play exactly everything marked, from the smallest accent, every slur. All these principles have been mistakenly applied to music of earlier times when no such ideas had been invented. Bach writes less accurately than Mozart and Mozart less accurately than Beethoven and Wagner more accurately than Beethoven etc ... until you reached the utmost rigidity of the 1920s and '30s."

Now, of course, there are avant-garde composers who are returning to the freedom of the baroque period — in some cases basing their compositions entirely on chance.

Sir Charles welcomes this return to improvisation, which is surprising, given that his friend of almost 30 years, and biographer, Charles Buttrose, says that Sir Charles' greatest talent as a conductor is that he knows his scores so thoroughly.

"He works harder on his scores than anyone else in the business," says Mr Buttrose. "When he conducts opera, he is able to cue everyone from the person with three lines to sing to the two bars of oboe. And, of course, he's a fabulous musician."

Sir Charles is too modest to say what he thinks his greatest talent as a conductor is, but he says that to be a good conductor you should be such a knowledgeable musician that you can advise people about what to do with their instrument even if you can't play it yourself. "I say 'advise,'" he adds. "Other conductors with more assurance than myself, would say 'tell'."

"The main attribute of a conductor," he continues, "is personality. It's good if he's a good psychologist and can treat people so they like him, or respect him, or fear him, or some damn thing. But more important, is what he does without talking.

"A piano player plays the piano and makes the sound, and his view of what Beethoven should be like is up to him. If he has a very brilliant technique, he can make a great splash at that. The conductor has to do the same thing. He has to play on the orchestra and, in some way, he must mentally force them to do what he wants."

Obviously, various conductors portray this type of magnetism in different ways, Sir Charles being at the less flamboyant end of the scale. He even says that some people accuse him of not having enough charisma for a symphony conductor. His success with symphonies clearly negates such a comment. But it's true he's a quiet performer in comparison to some of the starry young Americans.

The whole performance is unconscious, he says. The only thing he is aware of doing, is trying to beat correctly. But then there have been conductors who have had a lousy baton technique, but who have still been great conductors. Whatever, "Sir Charles Mackerras," concludes Mr Buttrose pointedly, "is the *only* Australian who is a truly great conductor."

Sir Robert Helpmann

Of Australia's troupe of artistic prodigal sons, Sir Robert Helpmann is probably the best known. His was a household name when he returned after a 30-year absence to tour the country with Katharine Hepburn. It was like a Royal Visit ... there was flag-waving, much adoration and carloads of pursuing journalists.

In 1932, he had left the country to become a serious dancer of the ballet, an ambition unattainable in Australia at that time. He returned, a huge success, was named Australian of the Year and awarded a knighthood for his part not only in the development of the Royal Ballet in England, but also for the development of the Australian national ballet company.

His welcomes these days are not quite so thunderous. Australia doesn't have much appetite for Cultural Heroes and there are more to choose from now than there were 50 years ago. But certainly, Sir Robert holds all the cards for playing the grand old man of the arts.

Sir Robert insists on being called Sir Robert. He

is not particularly interested in being informal and chatty with people he doesn't know, though people he does know occasionally sweep past as we talk, crying, "Hello Bobbie ...".

He answers questions without elaborating, leaning back in his armchair, striking exaggerated poses and smoking cigarettes through an exaggerated cigarette holder. The huge stone in the ring on a long thin finger glints, alternately attracting and distracting.

Sir Robert has always been an inimitable attention-seeker. As a child, he alternated between tantrums and shows of artistic talent. In adolescence, he was precocious and flashy and, as he grew older, he became famous. Now Sir Robert is 74, respected and respectable. He no longer needs to shock the world, to demand its attention.

He doesn't look 74. Age has only emphasised the bird-like quality of his face. Those large eyes are as impressive as they always were, but he no longer looks wildly unconventional. It's a long time since the day he was picked up by a couple of bronzed lifesavers and dumped into the Bondi breakers for dressing in what was clearly unacceptable Bondi beach wear. He's toned down, both in dress and comment. He says he's not interested in being involved in controversies, any more.

Presumably for that reason, he is unwilling to make suggestions about what course The Australian Ballet Company, or ballet in general in Australia, should take.

"I am no longer the artistic director," he says in justification for making no comment. But when asked his opinion as a person of experience, he says, "the quality of the dancers is the most important thing, and out of that comes choreography invented for wonderful dancers. Australia has always had pretty good dancers — Kathleen Gorham, Marilyn Jones, Marilyn Rowe ... but Margot Fonteyn was a unique creature. That happens only once in a generation ... and there isn't one in this generation."

A great shame for the ballet, but he acknowledges that wonderful dancers won't always lead to exciting choreography anyway, choreographers being the rarest bird all over the world. In his list of great choreographers he includes Ashton, Balanchine, Neimeyer and Macmillan ... but not Helpmann.

"No, not a great choreographer," he decides. "I am only interested in choreographing a subject which interests me. I couldn't be contracted to do four productions a year, because I wouldn't have four ideas. I don't style myself as a choreographer. I would style myself as a choreographic stage director."

That title, though clumsy, is apt. Helpmann's choreography is theatrical and his theatre shows a tendency towards the visual perfection of ballet. The important thing, he maintains, is that it should all be entertainment.

"People don't want to pay a lot of dollars to see other people plonking around the stage with dirty feet and no costumes. It's not worth it."

This criticism also seems to be a sideways shot at modern dance, which, he says with the slightest suggestion of a smirk, not many people seem to like. "Ballet," he emphasises, "is an escapist thing. People like the glamour of the big companies, the flamboyant costumes, the live music."

His ballets certainly possessed these qualities and they were very popular with his audiences. He recently worked on a new production of the first ballet he choreographed for the newly-formed

Australian Ballet Company ... the first original ballet commissioned for the company.

It was called *The Display* and was inspired by several days camping out in the bush with Katharine Hepburn waiting for a lyrebird to appear and dance for them. Because of his interest in drama, the ballet has a strong narrative and demands a high standing of acting from the dancers.

"I really like acting best of all," he says. "Even when I was a dancer, I was more interested in the acting aspect of dance, the characterisation. All actors should be taught to dance and all dancers should be taught to act."

That is part of a general belief in the virtue of cross-fertilisation between the various arts, which stops a long way short of real combination. He sees the different forms as separate entities and is not really interested in the marriages between them that are being explored by choreographers like Kai Tai Chan. He emphasises that different forms require different concentrations and involve different types of people.

"Actors are different to work with than dancers," he says. "They are more difficult. They are unsure, you see. They don't have a basic technique like a dancer does."

"A dancer knows she wouldn't be cast for a particular role unless she could do it. An actor doesn't know that, being only cast as a general type, and so is very much more sensitive than a dancer or singer. You have to be careful with actors."

His experience in theatre direction and his dramatic and, at that time, innovative attitude to ballet, brought in many new supporters, contributing in the early days to the success of the company. But there were personality differences between Helpmann and the board and, in 1975, he was dropped as artistic director. It's still a source of some anger.

"The turbulent times of Australian ballet will never be over while you have boards of people running things, amateur boards who have nothing to do with the theatre. They all become armchair artistic directors the minute they're on the board. It's stupid. Boards should have no say, they should not interfere."

The composition and behaviour of the board of the Australian Ballet seems unlikely to change much, but Sir Robert falls short of predicting doom as the inevitable outcome.

"Ballet," he says, "is in a bit of a flux all over the world. If you do a complete program of modern works, the audiences don't come; and if you do the classics, the theatre is packed and people say it's unadventurous."

A problem, obviously, but Sir Robert does have some hope for the future. Australia, he says, has not yet seen its Golden Era of the Ballet. "The next few years will be interesting, especially when some original ballets are produced here by the company. At the moment, they are all ballets that have been done elsewhere so they are superimposing their style on the Australians instead of the other way around."

Sir Robert does not want to be the one, or even one of the ones, involved in re-introducing Australian content to Australian ballet. He feels he's done his bit. Indeed, he says his greatest achievement was to have had such an effect on English ballet and then to have returned to Australia and repeated the process. But now it's done, and though he would like to live here again, he does

not want to become embroiled in Australian ballet again.

On his next visit, he will be acting for the Sydney Theatre Company in a new play, *The Cobra*, by Australian playwright Justin Fleming. Sir Robert will play Oscar Wilde's lover Lord Alfred Douglas, in his old age, looking back on the trial of the century.

"I think it will shock a lot of people," he says, faintly smiling. "But I don't think that matters. It's a difficult subject," he adds, "... homosexuality."

It is not hard to imagine Sir Robert as Lord Alfred, though his acting range is acknowledged to be enormous. He has played in Shakespeare and in Noel Coward and appeared in films as diverse as *King John* and *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*. The only aspect of drama he seems to have not yet turned his hand to, is film directing. It seems it's only a matter of time. But at the moment, he's thinking only as far as *The Cobra*.

"I've got a pigeon-holed mind," he says. "I can only think of one thing at a time, and once it's over I forget it. I have no emotion for productions past."

There are obviously just too many of them, and so many successes. "I have been extremely lucky," he says. "I've had no difficulties."

It does indeed sound like a charmed life, peopled by the most famous theatre names of the time. When asked who, of the people he has worked with he admires most, he immediately lists Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson and John Gielgud.

"They're just good," he says. "Talent is the only thing that matters — that's the only real quality."

Having known all those people, Sir Robert is often asked if he will write an autobiography. The answer is a firm 'no'. He doesn't even tell anecdotes.

"I don't think it's fair," he explains. "People expose their faults to you only when they believe you are their friend. So if you then tell stories about them and their faults, you are betraying friendship. I am not prepared to tell or face the truth about myself ... so why should I do it to other people?"

Sir Sidney Nolan

Sidney Nolan was at a function in Peking when he found out about his knighthood, the ambassador took him out to the verandah and asked if he wanted it. Nolan replied that he'd better ask his wife, Mary. "I didn't know. The only thing I knew was that my mother had, when I was a child, always remarked that it would be nice when I was a knight. So, I accepted for my mother."

So Nolan is now Sir Sidney, though he eschews the title, preferring to stick to Sid. One imagines he likes even less his ex-friend Patrick White's nickname for him, Sir Ned Kelly Nolan, just one kick in the no-holds-barred personal hair-pulling, ego-kicking battle between two of the country's cultural masters.

There is an element of truth in White's designation though, Nolan being best known throughout the country as the man who painted the myth of Ned Kelly ... and Kelly's ghost does hang around. But it is the exploration of mythology — the processes and the products — in Nolan's work that is the continuing thread.

Some pundits even say that his development of certain Australian mythologies is his greatest

contribution to Australian art. His interest in myth hasn't decreased ... perhaps there is even a mythic potential in his fight with White. If there is, it's hard to see beneath the layers of all-too-cruel farce.

"Myths are the community's way of saying something about life that it can't say any other way," he explains, a convincingly gentle, friendly, smiling man.

"The myths are often irrational and seemingly irrelevant," he continues, "like opera seems unlikely or implausible. An opera plot is very often unlikely and even confusing, but the experience is unified. There's no other way of expressing the human condition as it's expressed in opera, than by opera."

"The same can be said of myths. They are very odd and very unlikely and there is no reason for them to persist for so many years in the form they do. Look at Oedipus. From Egypt and Greece to Freud, and still full of beans. It must reflect some aspect of human nature which we can't identify except through myth."

Nolan reckons there are half a dozen or so such myths in the world, metamorphosing slightly in different places, but running fairly consistently through a whole range of diverse cultures. He is a painter who likes to work within a fairly-tight structure.

Designing sets for opera provides one structure, mythology another. Nolan enjoys the freedom that the oddity of myths like Leda and the Swan give him to be visually startling while exploring a whole range of other ideas suggested by the references and long memory of the myth.

"I suppose we were once all related," he explains. "All these things are lurking around our psyche and they erupt as myths or art or opera, and that's a bonus because otherwise we wouldn't know anything and we wouldn't be able to communicate. We are programmed to communicate. We like to do that. But we also confuse ... it's inevitable we will."

He remarks that this interview is probably confusing and possibly contradictory. And if it is contradictory, it is perhaps intentionally so. Nolan likes to confuse. He also likes to talk. Sitting in the only patch of sun in the Opera House Green Room, still wearing large-patterned ties that make no pretence of being anything but unable to complement any given shirt, he talks about himself as an Australian painter.

Colin MacInnes wrote of Nolan: "In the particular sense of being an Australian, no one could be more so, artistically or even personally than Sidney Nolan. But in the restricted sense of any kind of artistic nationalism ... he is not really an Australian painter at all."

Nolan says he is an Australian painter ... that there is something recognisably and instantly Australian about all of his work and that of his peers.

"You can recognise it by the curious relationship between ourselves and the continent. We are very close to our European origins but we are faced with a very extraordinary landscape. That gave us a funny little shiver and people of my generation painted that. You can see it immediately in my work — a kind of disjunction. Ned Kelly belongs in the landscape, but in a very weird way ... it's not the same as a peasant gleaning wheat in Millais."

"That Australianess still exists in my work. It's inescapable. The whistle blows and you're ins-

tantly in that position."

It was a position adopted by many of the artists of the Forties and it led to their work being considered one of the highlights of Australian art. The 1880s and the 1940s are mentioned as prime times. Nolan credits most of that approbation to what he sees as a 20-year time lag between the actual painting and acceptance by the public.

"But the Forties did seem a time," he adds, "when under the pressures of the war or something, we did produce interesting work. We were young. It was the work of young people and many people say it never got any better.

"Actually they can't tell yet. They'll need another 20 years. There probably has been another great time since the Forties but no one's started talking about it yet. It takes time to get an historical perspective ... even if the history's wrong."

Nolan has had a chance to develop an historical perspective on the Kelly theme and he still likes them. "When I did them, I felt they were quite violent paintings, but now I look at them and they're rather quiet lyrical paintings."

He increased the violence of some of those images in his Ern Malley exhibition of 1974, where he tried to dissect the process of myth-making and its connection with the Great Caper. Ern Malley was the great literary hoax of the Forties, played on the Angry Penguins, a group who espoused surrealism and whose notable leaders included Sidney Nolan and Max Harris. Malley's fathers were James McCauley and Harold Stewart, two poets strongly opposed to the surrealist movement.

In order to show the foolishness of such poetry, they invented Malley, a recently-deceased surrealist poet. They sent to Harris, editor of the Angry Penguin journal, pages and pages of Malley's poems. Harris proclaimed them to have been written by a giant of contemporary Australian poetry and devoted an entire issue to the non-existent bard.

McCauley and Stewart exposed the hoax, claiming the work had taken them an afternoon. Nolan retorted that the poems would have taken Shakespeare a weekend.

Now he says of the Malley caper, "Surrealism was the thing we were raised with and this was rather a surrealist happening. In a way, if it hadn't happened, I would have tried to make it happen. The important thing is that I found the poems interesting. I'm still bewitched by some of them."

Nolan himself is a published poet, but describes himself more as someone who writes poetry than as someone who is a poet. Max Harris once wrote of his poetic world: "... terrible, bitter, predatory, destructive, sexual, nightmarish, affectionate and tender ..." But concluded that his poetry amounted to "verbal doodling".

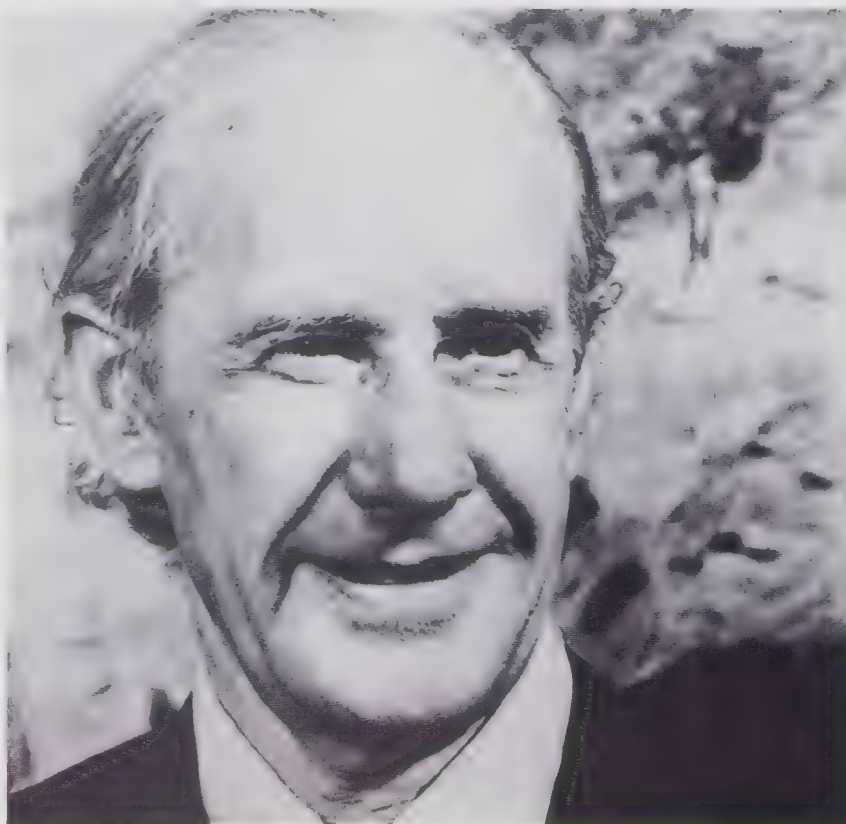
Nolan is unsure whether he will publish any more of his written work. "I don't mind being private in painting," he says. "That's been my life. But I'm a bit shy about being public in poetry. It shows another side of my nature which I find a bit odd. My paintings are rather celebratory ... by instinct I tend to celebrate the world, but my poems do the reverse."

It's a bit like living in Sydney and London. Together they are a good mix. That's something else about Australians, according to Nolan. If given the opportunity, they would be happiest living in both Sydney and London. Nolan is certainly pleased that it is an arrangement he's been able to

make.

"Everyone went overseas when I was young," he explains. Overseas, of course, being London. "I became so fond of music there, that I stayed on. I love to paint all day and get tired and go to the opera and then go home and sleep. When you wake up you don't know where you are. All the passions and the wonderful lilt of the music. That's my happiest day. That's why I stayed in London, even though it rained."

It still is his favourite day. He still paints every morning and the first half hour is still difficult and the subject is still mythology. He is working on two long cycles of paintings, one of which centres on airplane disasters. He is particularly interested



in the Mt. Erebus crash, having visited the area some time before the accident.

"An airplane crash is an extraordinary thing. One minute you're drinking and the next you're dead. There is a hand with a hold on a champagne glass but without a hold on an arm."

This is a violent image. He is presently much influenced by Picasso's Guernica and claims that the taming of violence is one of the responsibilities of painting.

"There is so much violence and latent violence in the world. Painting is a help in analysing that and, in a sense, stabilising it."

Maybe. Nolan's other plan involves the Long March. Now here is epic material ... China. Nolan has been there six times. It feels familiar he says and the Chinese appeal to his Irish temperament — they are the opposite. One thinks again of White, briefly.

"The Long March was an enormous human effort," he says with obvious fascination, "... only comparable to the epic of Troy. It's not a myth yet, but it probably will become one and I want to be mixed up with it while it's becoming so."

"Australianess still exists in my work. It's inescapable."

— Sir Sidney Nolan

STRONG CURRENTS



Photography by Richard Bailey Makeup by Chris King Hair by Tony Guthrie

Expozay sets sail for Europe with its new look for summer. The swimming costumes are bold and shapely, emphasising the simple geometry of the body in hi-cut maillots and clean-cut styles. Although the bikini is still an important mode, the two-piece suit moulded in striped cotton makes a conspicuous comeback. The traditional racing-cut maillot and lycra-styled tutu are an important part of the collection as are the deep V-shaped one-pieces in striking zigzag and spot design, and the low-cut ribbed suits with ruched detailing.

Fantail

cyclamen ribbed lycra maillot



EXPOZAY

Award

canary, aqua and black lycra maillot with zigzag design.



Highwaistern

... black and white striped lycra and polycotton maillot.



EXPOZAY

Spotiff

black and white striped polycotton maillot.



Pleat

... black and white spotted lycra bikini.



EXPOZAY

Swirl

red and white striped asymmetrical lycra bikini.



Spottie

... black and white spotted lycra maillot with red trim.



EXPOZAY

Harlow

... black and white striped polycotton two-piece costume.



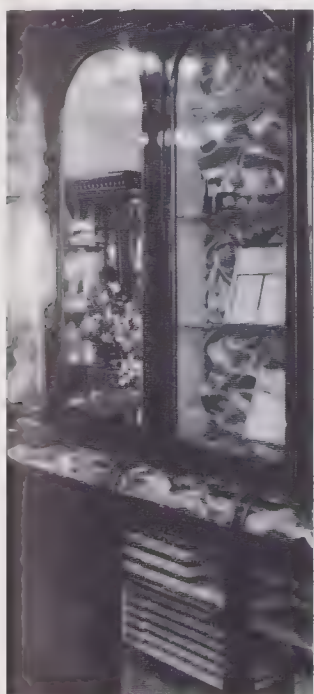
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1. Fortnum & Mason has been the 'tuck shop' of the privileged for more than 100 years. 2. Elegant amphibian Herbie Frogg camps it up with Lord Julian the Town Cryer. 3. Fortnum's stays open for after-theatre parties until the famous clock strikes 11.30 pm. 4. The magnificent Floris mahogany showcases date back to the Great Exhibition of 1851.



The Gentry Of Jermyn Street

The ultimate aspiration of the British gentry is to be 'appropriate'. Clair Spencer patrols the parish that keeps them that way.



London's Jermyn Street, buffer between the rich and the austerities affecting most Britons, harbours a host of hatters, hosiers, glovers and shirtmakers with more Royal Warrants than you could wave a sceptre at. Their role is, and has been for centuries, to nanny the privileged male through public school, university and marriage, to his eventual Memorial Service at fashionable St. James's. It was of this Wren church in Piccadilly and Jermyn Street that a visitor complained, in 1722, of the "high cost of renting a seat to see the beauties and the quality attending the services".

Extending several blocks from St. James's clubland to Haymarket, the man's world of Jermyn Street has survived the introduction — some say infiltration — of ladies' annexes at Boodles and other male bastions. It is almost certainly not down Germaine's street.

A few token females do have their shirts custom-made at Turnbull and Asser, but only the Armenian-owned newcomer, Vincici, caters for women in a boutique entirely dedicated to them. The old Turkish Baths have gone, though. Until recently, men-about-town could let off steam for 75p, afterwards sleeping the night in a cubicle, if they wished. A friend of mine, skint but clean, did this as a way of life.

No "doggies' do-do" (aristospeak for dog droppings) foul the footpaths. A ranger trundling a cart bearing the insignia of the Jermyn Street Association patrols the street, ever-vigilant for litter and any stray Dunhill cigarette butt, a service arranged by the Association with the City of Westminster.

Since 1981, the Association has held a Fair in September, when personnel of the various establishments wear yesteryear gear and the shops have special window displays. Herbie Frogg, men's outfitter whose clientele number gay young businessmen and pop persons, has live models in his, dancing in the Hot Gossip genre and "Herbie", toggled up like Kermit, to entertain the crowd.

Present-day accounts portray Jermyn Street as fashionable and elegant from its foundation in 1667 by Henry Jermyn, later ennobled as the Earl of St. Albans. The restored king, Charles II, granted him Crown land at St. James's Field on which to raise a residential neighbourhood, starting with "14 great and good houses" in St. James's Square.

Probably due to their proximity to the Court at Whitehall Palace — the site of the future Buckingham Palace was still a field — the graceful buildings were mostly occupied by Society, courtiers and the diplomats who came to present their credentials to the king. Rich land-owners, in town for a night's



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The famous Floris shop at 89 Jermyn Street, proudly bears the Royal Arms of King George IV who granted a Royal Warrant to Mr J. Floris in 1830.

gambling, when whole estates were lost and won at Faro in the private gaming clubs, would put up in gentlemen's chambers over the Jermyn Street shops.

Early scribes, however, describe the raffish life of the houses of ill fame and taverns spilling out on to the narrow, cobbled street, and of the lively world of poets, painters and men of letters who talked the night away in its coffee-houses.

These were the days of the sedan chair, the running footmen and the link boys who preceded them, blazing the way with flaming torch along the potholed, unlit street (gaslight was yet to come). Cone-shaped link extinguishers can be seen around the corner in Duke of York Street near the Red Lion, a pub notable for its ceiling of lincrusta (embossed oilcloth), multi-faceted looking-glasses and cut crystals in biblical colours. Downing an ale here is like drinking inside a jewel-box.

Footpads, knuckle-duster at the ready, were not unknown in the old days, following with professional interest the rake's progress from whorehouse to the doorway of his stylish bachelor lodgings, lit fitfully by candlelight. Watchmen carried cutlasses and carbines, link boys, men as often as not, acting as bodyguards to their masters. Elegant? Say, rather, Hogarthian.

Frances Stuart, the Restoration court beauty whose profile, in the role of Britannia, was engraved on British pennies, lived in Jermyn Street. So did two of the king's sons by Louise de Keroualle and Nell Gwynne, the Dukes of Richmond and St. Albans. Many distinguished residents, rakehells and finical fops needed their perukes powdered, their beards barbered, the beauty patches called "*mouches*" and scent for the lace-ruffled cuffs they flourished when "making a leg" to the ladies.

Which is why Floris, one of the oldest of Jermyn Street's traditional establishments and the home of floral scents, was soon established. Others followed, some remaining, like Floris (run by seventh generation descendants of the founder), to enhance this historic belt of shops ministering to the gentry and the merely affluent.

Floris,
Perfumes and Toiletries, No. 89,
By Appointment To Her Majesty, The
Queen

In 1730, Juan Famenias Floris sailed from Minorca to hang his barber's sign over the premises which are still occupied by the House of Floris. He is listed in the postal directory of 1800 as comb-maker to the Prince of Wales who, as George IV, conferred his first Royal Warrant on the young Spaniard.

Juan began collecting the essences of the flowers and herbs remembered on his island home ... jonquils, wild hyacinth, stephanotis, juniper, clary sage. Now his descendants, Michael Bodenham and his son John, and nephew Christopher Marsh, are the three noses who create ravishing perfumes as delicate as lily-of-the-valley, as voluptuous as the dark red rose.

The plush-topped change pads here are a Victorian touch stemming from that era, when sales persons would not presume to come in contact with the customer's palm (Queen Victoria bought *Pâte au Miel* by mail-order). Among the memorabilia is Florence Nightingale's letter, thanking Mr. Floris for his "sweet-smelling nosegay".

Displayed in the magnificent mahogany showcases bought from the great Exhibition of 1851, are reviver essences for pomanders and potpourri, rose mouth-wash, sachets and a range of toiletries 'for the discerning Gentleman'. It includes

the Elite repertoire and a cologne from their old formula book, known simply as No. 127, created in the Twenties for a Russian grand-duke living in Paris, much given to presenting it, unlabelled, to pique the curiosity of recipients.

Paxton & Whitfield,
Cheesemongers, No. 93,
By Appointment to H. M. Queen
Elizabeth, The Queen Mother

Going strong since 1797, Paxtons, as they're known, supply cheese to such rarefied establishments as The Connaught Hotel and clubland's Garrick, Brooks and Bucks.

Their premises, built in 1674 and occupied by them since 1896, with its sawdust-covered floor, gleaming brass scale weights and hams strung from the rafters, are a cheese-master's cave of plenty.

Think of it ... 300 varieties from 11 European countries rubbing rinds with such diverse types as French monastery and convent cheeses, the green-veined Sage Derby, russet Leicester, the rare Blue Cheshire and Stilton from Long Clawson Dairy, this last tested in their own cellars before being sealed in the traditional stoneware jars. Other comestibles evoking a day's punting on the Isis and the hamper of Wharton Minor of the Third Remove, are game pies, Bath Olivers and marvellous breads.

Many out-of-towners belong to the Paxton & Whitfield Cheese Club, which provides members with a monthly insulated package containing at least one unusual variety. Say, the Italian Taleggio from Lombardy, of the type known as *Stracchino* (tired) because it's made from the milk of cows suffering mountain-lag during their journey from the high to the low pastures.

Descriptive leaflets and advice on wine complementing the selection are included, written by the club's adviser, John Arlott. Paxton's Sue Cloke turns on tasting and talks to interested groups, recently the Gastronomic Society at Jesus College, Cambridge, and is on hand to advise personal shoppers.

Turnbull & Asser,
Shirtmakers & Clothiers, Nos. 71 & 72
By Appointment to H. R. H. The Prince
Of Wales

Turnbull & Asser are the quintessential clothiers to the aristocracy, but not all their customers are members of the Establishment.

Unless he is dead or, if living, has no objection, T & A never disclose a client's identity. It is permissible, then, to say that Noel Coward, Charlie Chaplin, Liberace, Lauren Bacall, Bianca Jagger and Sean Connery have been customers, and that T & A made Churchill's siren suits (a Lorelei green velvet one, presented by Lady Churchill, is displayed in their Churchill Room).

Two Australian Prime Ministers, one rumoured to be Gough Whitlam, have been T & A customers, as also the more satorially-conscious members of the St. James's and Pall Mall clubs.

Since 1885, T & A's bespoke shirts have been despatched to customers in outposts as far flung as the Hindu Kush, the Orinoco River and Canberra ACT, crafted from patterns filed in the company's archives.

"Of course, we like them to slip in every six months to be re-measured," murmured head cutter Paul Cuss, a Director of T & A. Each cutter has his own instruments, piece-work such as monograms

being done by the finest needlewomen in their own homes.

The minimum order is six shirts, the first one for approval, each costing £35 to £45 in cotton, £75 in silk. No synthetic fibres are used, the superb silks designed by managing director, Kenneth Williams, being loomed at their own Scottish mill.

'Lord of the Boudoir' dressing gowns, 'smokings', marvellous night-shirts and the Vivella Clarney, a hunting shirt with attached stock (named for its designers, Mr. Clarke and Mr. Ney) are among other models.

The staff wear T & A shirts, none more elegantly than Robert Squires, who receives customers at the magnificent mahogany portals of the Churchill Room, where a bowl of Floris pot-pourri scents the air.

*Alfred Dunhill Limited,
Suppliers of Smokers' Requisites,*

By Appointment to H. M. The Queen

Since Alfred Dunhill opened his tobacconist business in 1907, 36,000 pipe mixtures have been recorded in the 'My Mixture' book, customers quoting their formula number when ordering.

In the Humidor room, £1.5 million worth of cigars are kept in cedar boite nature cabinets, which do not impart flavour or taste and absorb any excess moisture in the leaf.

Here, behind a locked grille, clients' cigars are held under humidor conditions against future needs. No charge for this service, though enough cigars must be bought to qualify for one of these individually-named cedar safety-deposit boxes. A hand-rolled Cuban Corona costs about £3.50.

In a natural progression of masculine needs, the Dunhill spectrum has widened over the years to include precision lighters, writing instruments, leather goods, spectacle frames and men's clothing.

Last year, Dunhill's added Old Master Scotch Whisky to their range, distilled and blended in Scotland by International Distillers and Vintners and packaged in a replica 1845 bottle produced by the Société Autonome de Verreries in France. It costs £24.50 and they recommend it as a mellow replacement for the traditional after-dinner brandy.

As to Dunhill clothes, they have been described as the thinking man's Gucci. Chairman of the company, Richard Dunhill, who is well-known in Australia, wears them with that throw-away, classic elegance for which the British are unsurpassed.

*Green's Champagne Bar,
36 Duke Street*

Habituated to Green's Champagne Bar in Duke Street, a few seconds from the corner of Jermyn Street, are very much at home in its mahogany panelled club-like ambience. The Marquess of Queensbury, British Airways' Sir John King, Lord Drogheda of *The Economist*, Moët and Chandon's Patrick Forbes, Sir William Rees-Mogg, publisher Bernard Leser and such personages drop in for lunch or a pre-theatre snack.

To these patrons, add members of the nearby Turf Club ... the Queen's racing manager, Lord Porchester, Robert and Susan Sangster, the legendary American jockey, Willie Shoemaker, and that ilk. A lot of Australians come here, often friends of Green's chairman, Simon Parker Bowles, and his wife Caroline (her father, Melbourne's Sir Ian Porter, turns up from time to time). Albert Finney, Anthony Andrews, Koo Stark, cartoonist Jak, and Ronnie Corbett are other Greenites.

So the atmosphere is lively, what of the food?

Delicious, wisely confined to a small choice of superlatively quality ... lobster, dressed crab, smoked salmon, smoked trout, beef sandwiches and the peerless West Mersea oyster from Essex, mentioned in glowing terms in the 1983 Good Food Guide. With a glass of Ruinart champagne, a euphoric experience.

The cellar, stocked by Green's parent company, a distinguished firm of wine and cigar merchants, is a repository of treasures to gladden the most refined palate. Prices, as noted by Cyril Ray in *Punch*, are surprisingly inexpensive. So a fair deal here. Marquess of Queensbury Rules. OK?

*Herbie Frogg,
Men's Wear, No. 19*

"New boy" Herbie Frogg (the first of his two Jermyn Street shops opened 1969) upholds the area's traditional reputation for outstanding service. The clothes, however, epitomise today's laid-back style, and customers are more likely to be members of Tramps than of the Athenaeum (Tramp Club at No. 44 Jermyn Street being the exclusive night spot known as Tramps, where Prince Andrew met Miss Stark).

Buyer Alan Fry, earlier involved in the American fashion scene, shows the work of high-flown designers, different ones every two months. Among them, Cerruti, Giorgio Armani, Faconable and d'Avenza, the last regarded by Alan as the Rolls-Royce of the clothing industry.

Except during the January and July sales, customers may book the shop for their sole use for an hour or two, or come by appointment at night, if preferred. Linda Ashmore welcomes visitors with a coffee or a G & T. Like the clothes, Herbie is non-starchy.

*T. W. Lewin & Sons Limited,
Shirts, Silk Ties and Club Colour Specialists,
No. 106.*

"Old school bow ties and old school cravats are very fashionable now", Lewin's Tony McKenna told me. "Even some of the regiments are wearing them".

Lewins make ties for the Gurkha regiments in India, for English and American universities, companies and most of the clubs, Sean Connery, Sir John Gielgud and Roger Moore wearing the Garrick's striped salmon and green. Membership cards must be presented before buying, a precaution designed to exclude ineligible cads.

In the article, *The Old School Tie*, Dr. Richard Gordon writes, "The vasectomised sport a tie marked IOFB (I Only Fire Blanks, dreadfully vulgar)". Presumably, they are required to present their medical report first.

To wear the Caterpillar Club tie, an airman must have baled out in an emergency and had his life saved by the Irving parachute. Mrs. Annie Burns, of Surrey, a mid-seventies glider pilot, is, Tony believes, the only woman entitled to one.

*Hilditch & Key,
Nos. 73 & 37,
New & Lingwood, No. 53,
Both High Quality Shirtmakers*

Customers of Hilditch & Key can be fitted at their hotel, office or at home and, if so minded, have their initials engraved on mother-of-pearl buttons. Some of New & Lingwood's followers have been going to them since their schooldays at Eton, where they have another shop, also getting their 'Eton slippers' here at £30 a pair. Both establishments re-collar and re-cuff shirts for about £14.

Bates, Gentlemen's Hatter, No. 21A

One of London's oldest hatters, Bates is famous for toppers, trilbys, bowlers and cloth caps, a deerstalker costing about £30. Bates was the home of the late Binks, a cat given to posing as a top-hatted swell, who ate in the kitchens of various St. James's clubs. Suitably stuffed and wearing his topper, Binks now surveys the scene from No. 21A, as he did in the Charleston era.

R. E. Tricker, Hand-Lasted Shoes, No. 67

Trickers specialise in made-to-measure men's footwear at £150 a pair, riding boots from £165, and in chukka boots, storm-welted boots and stagskin brogues, all works of the cobbler's art. The well-heeled can also order wood shoe trees (from £35) and long boot trees (from £85). Members of the House of Lords and some royals are Tricker customers.

Vincci, Clothing For Men And Women, Nos. 60, 66, 67

"Our clothes are expensive" said Raffy Manoukian, stating an immutable fact of life, and one can only agree. But let it be said that Vincci clothes are exquisitely constructed in Italy, their workmanship impeccable, of that transcendent elegance that goes well on Via Condotti, in Middle East palaces and in the world of showbiz. Omar Sharif, Hot Chocolate, Gary Glitter, Rod Stewart and several unnamed oil sheiks are among Vincci wearers. One of the three stores stocks clothes for women only, aimed at a similar clientele.

Principe, Men's Wear, No. 70

Clothes bearing the Principe, label, of much the same elegance as those of Vincci, are worn by BBC and ITV personalities, Saudi royalty, a few Australians and, said buyer-manager Mr. Shivji, by the artist, Francis Bacon. And the odd Machiavellian politician?

Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly and Jermyn Street

F & M's hampers were adored by Charles Dickens, a regular customer who took them to the Derby and wrote: "... Heavens! All the hampers fly wide open and the green Downs burst into a blossom of lobster-salad!" He would surely have liked their Fountain Restaurant and Soda Bar, which stays open until 11.30 pm for theatre suppers (after trading hours, chandelier-lit entrance in Jermyn Street).

The Cavendish Hotel, Jermyn & Duke Streets

Rebuilt since the days of Rosa Lewis, the Cavendish still evokes its doughty former owner. The Ribblesdale Restaurant, open 24 hours daily, named for Lord Ribblesdale whom she claimed to have loved, the Sub Rosa Bar, a wicker basket chair, portraits and faded sepia photographs all recall the renowned 'Duchess of Jermyn Street' who captured the affection and patronage of King Edward VII and the attention of tv audiences in the series, *The Duchess of Duke Street*.

Rosa would have had to concede that the Jazz Lunch at The Cavendish, held every Sunday between noon and 3 pm, is innovative. Three courses with a choice of 6 starters and 6 main dishes, live jazz in spirited company, at £12 a head, is also jolly good value.

Andrew Grima, No. 80, By Appointment To H. M. Queen Elizabeth

The facade of the Grima shop, a slate and steel sculpture by Bryan Kneale in which a massive door is secreted, conceals a collection of gems fashioned into designs of staggering imagination and beauty ... black baroque pearls emerging from a foam of tiny emeralds, a pendant whose tourmaline drop is half pink, half green (rare), a stomacher of opals, gold plaques paved with diamonds.

Andrew Grima is a descendant of Bracchi, who sculpted the central group of Rome's Trevi fountain. A string of coloured fresh-water pearls from the South Seas costs about £218. These and others are displayed in the Round Room, reached by a glittering acrylic spiral staircase, itself a work of art.

Ivan, Men's Haircutters And Perfumers, No. 20

A male preserve where Mr. Ivan's young ladies style the hair of statesmen, film moguls and Mr. Dennis Thatcher, who looked surprisingly dapper in an Inverness cape when I dropped in. Badger shaving brushes, ivory-backed hairbrushes, tortoiseshell combs and herbal soaps are displayed in mahogany cabinets flanked by Cruikshank prints. A must for visiting peacocks.

David Hicks, Interior Designer, No. 101

Interior designer and decorator, carpet and wallpaper designer, writer of books on gardening etc., dynamo David Hicks has his headquarters here at No. 101. Current assignments include private houses in Saudi Arabia and Athens, both Houses of Parliament in Islamabad and the continuing restoration of Broadlands, Lord Mountbatten's house.

Mr. Hicks' clients are as disparate as HRH, the Prince of Wales and Georgie Fame, and he has recently entered the television and *haute couture* arenas. That said, in the relaxed atmosphere of the Jermyn Street premises, shoppers will find many charming things, not the least, small tables entirely covered in printed fabric.

Simpson, Men's Wear, Piccadilly And Jermyn Street

In the Thirties, one of the designers for the world-famous Simpson window and interior displays was the Hungarian artist, Maholy-Nagy, who set their artistic tone for the next 45 years. Predominantly masculine, Simpson's high quality ready-to-wear clothing by Daks (their own label) is here, also some sections devoted to women whose image is understated elegance.

The Wren Coffee Shop St. James's Church

Looking on to Jermyn Street, the Wren Coffee Shop has the freshness of springtime, even in winter. Flowers on tables, gay decor and super self-serve food ... pumpkin soup, vegetable dishes, came warm from the oven, bowls of clotted cream, nutty coffee and lovely people to look after you. Inexpensive, too. Lunchtime recitals of Bach, Mozart and sundry baroque biggies in the church, for added measure. Definitely a find, enter it from the churchyard on Piccadilly or Jermyn Street sides. ●



Enter: Prints Charming

A paucity of money and a purity of taste are combining to bring much more graphic appeal to interior design. Robin Powell reports on the print and poster revolution.

Photography by Jonny Lewis

The new line in interior design, uncluttered simplicity, calls for a new approach to what goes on walls ... something strong on design characteristics and uncomplicated in colour, something modern in form but not fadish, and something, in these days of economic duress and increasing crime, that is not worth more than the combined value of everything else in the house.

Prints and posters. Gone are the days when a print meant yet another reproduction of a European master or that ubiquitous Drysdale which must hang in every school library in the country. Posters are no longer overblown photographs of cute cats or psychedelic Snoopys.

The print is now primarily of the silk-screened original variety, the poster is from exhibitions and both are now definitely up-market, occupying prime positions in well-dressed houses where their graphic images in clean lines and strong colours do more to complement the rooms they grace

than the murky subtleties of oils.

Australia is joining this international trend with increasing delight, causing a sedate spate of gallery openings to cope with the demand. One of the first of these was Strokes, in Sydney's Paddington, where the well-travelled populace wasn't still thinking of prints in terms of mass reproductions of the real thing.

Strokes is run by a Frenchwoman, Rosine Grosmougin and her Icelandic partner, Aldis Tyvgvadottir, and specialises in limited edition prints by Australian artists. Rosine, a one-time student of the Beaux Arts in Paris, has always had an affinity for the cleanliness of graphic design and a repulsion for the elitism of the commercial gallery scene. The two led her to print-making which, though preserving originality through small editions, is, nevertheless, what she calls "a more democratic art form than painting."

Rosine's desire for democracy in art is carried through to the style of Strokes itself. It is not like a gallery.

There is not that reverend atmosphere of Art ... that intimidating sense of superior knowledge that so many people, unfamiliar with the situation, feel on entering an art gallery.

Strokes is more a shop, on a busy street, filled with things to look at, as opposed to the artful hanging practised in other galleries. "It is very informal and dynamic ... just what we wanted," says Rosine, who carries the informality through to her relationship with the young artists she shows.

Print-making has in the past, been something of a poor man's art, not quite the real thing. Print-makers were rarely accepted into the stables of the commercial galleries.

Only established names could venture safely into print-making. For everyone else, it was considered just a bit too accessible to the general public, a touch too arts and craftsy.

Print-makers had very little opportunity to show their work until they were recognised and very little opportunity to become recognised until



Top: *The Velvet Armchair*. Fiona Blakely.
Below: *Wee jugglers in landscape*. Pam Sahn.

their work was seen. It's an eternal circle in the art world, but Rosine has come to the rescue of some 40 young print-makers, who are all selling well, so well, in fact, that several have caught the eye of one or two commercial gallery owners.

Rosine is loath to mention names for fear of forgetting someone important, but Pamela Sahn is one to watch, with her delicately-coloured Australian landscapes. Sandy Bruch is another, having won the first Barry Stern Print Maker's Award, and now showing at Stern's as well as at Strokes. She works in a very graphic style using strong blocks of colour on prints that are decorative, with obvious design qualities.

Natasha Florean makes photographic stencilled scenes of Sydney and Fiona Blakely uses bright colours and Australian motifs in familiar interiors. She is very pleased to have Strokes as an outlet for her work and believes that print-making is becoming accepted as just as serious an art form as painting.

"Lots of people say that prints are commercial and not as authentic as painting, but I only do a dozen or so in each edition and am not interested in doing more than that," she says. "It's a very exciting medium ... the process, the colour, the flatness of the image. The technique is fascinating. Photography and print-making are becoming as important as drawing, sculpture and painting."

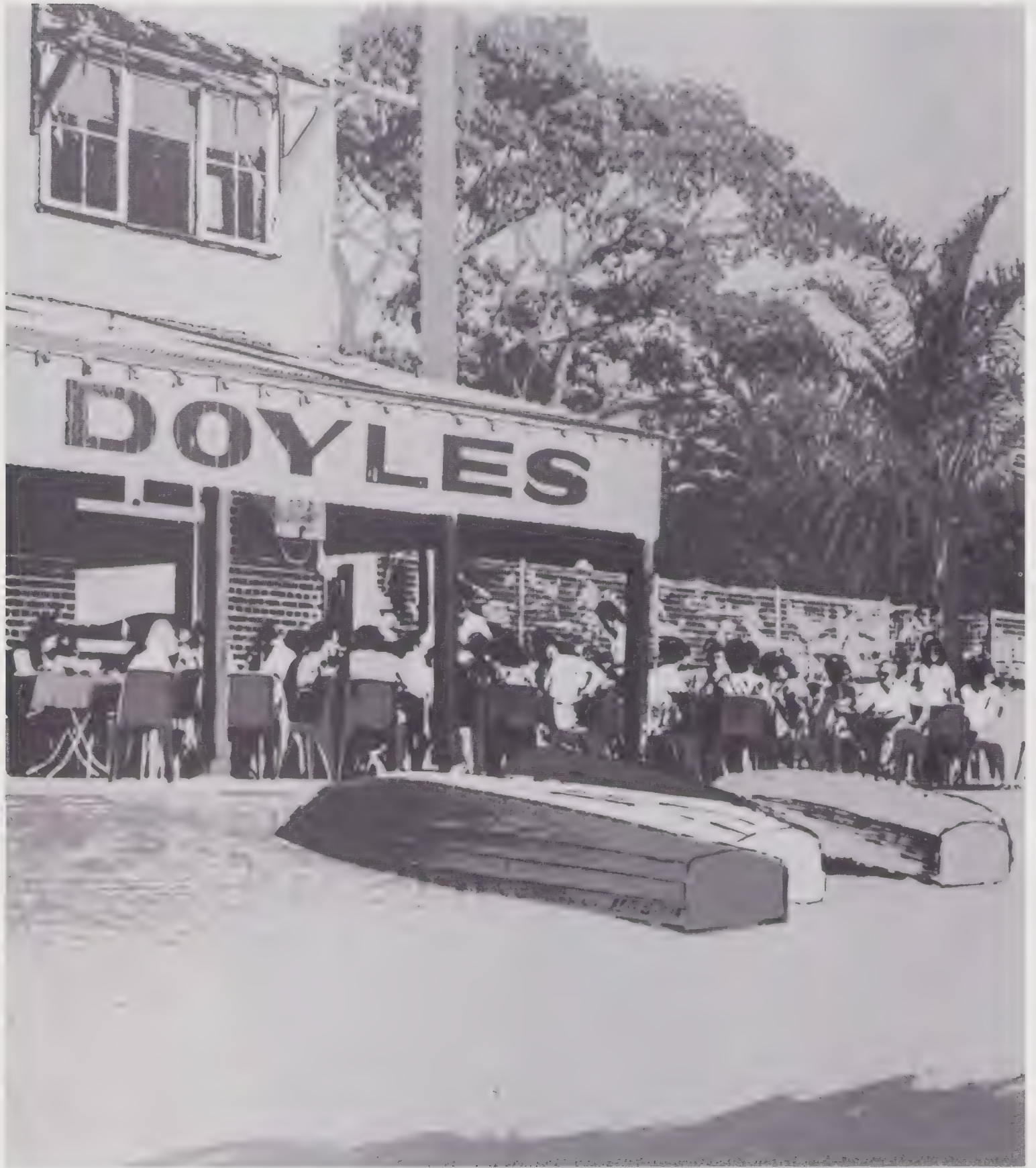
Rosine agrees. She claims that more established artists are also turning to print-making because they can reach more people through the process. Meanwhile, the general public, or sections of it, are becoming interested in the process and are able to evaluate prints in terms of their own limitations rather than through the definitions of some other art form.

"A print must have an immediate impact of colour and design," says Rosine. "The Australians are very good at this. There is a distinctive Australian style."

"It is almost naive or primitive ... very strong on colour. It is something to do with the light here, and the power of colour available through printing. Overseas, particularly in England, prints tend to be more pastel, with a grey base, rather than having the brightness of the work here."

The exhibition poster is the other new form of acceptable collectable art. High quality, bargain priced and increasingly available in limited edi-





Sunday lunch at Doyles. Natasha Floean.

tions, it is the obvious and simple answer to your four blank walls.

Though still something of a novelty here (some people even ask to have the writing cut off, a social gaffe comparable only to believing that the finger bowl accompanying the Balmain Bugs is some brand of lemon consomme), exhibition posters have been big news in the States for some time.

It's not hard to see the attraction — collectable and eminently disposable simultaneously — the perfect manifestation of art in a fast consumer society. You can change them every time you paint your walls, or you can collect the set.

Strokes offers a good selection, but the major gallery is the North Sydney Poster Gallery, originally a venture designed to keep a handful of wives and mothers off the streets, according to one partner, Barbara Samuelson, but now a booming business, being a better idea from the beginning than macrame plant-hangers.

Barbara, ex-advertising, wife and mother, and partner, Robyn Lipson, ex-nurse, wife and mother, had no previous interest in posters, but an appreciation is developing. They shop each year at New York's Art Expo and have quickly learned about quality and other people's taste ... there's no accounting for it. "Things we find extraordinarily ugly might sell really well," marvels Barbara.

And indeed the walls and stands are filled with everything from the tacky and the kitsch to the ever-present Ken Done interpretation of Sydney Harbour, that continues to sell well, especially to visiting Americans. There's Tim Storrier's *Campsite* from his Fisher Fine Art Gallery exhibition in London and James Willebrandt's *Skiffs*, which Barbara and Robyn had printed and have subsequently sold around the world. And then, of course, there's Australia's premier poster artist, Martin Sharp.

"We can never get enough Martin Sharp," says Barbara plaintively. But Australians, once notorious purchasers of celebrity art no longer buy just the name. They buy for colour, for subject, for style, for whim ... "When you're not investing your life's blood, it doesn't really matter," says Robyn.

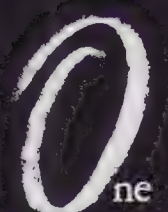
Precisely. Prints and posters provide for particular tastes in recession-time reality, when an addition to the collection doesn't quite suit the budget, or doesn't suit the decor at all.





Rosine Grosmougin ... "There is a distinctive Australian style."

FASHION FUTURES



One of the hottest names on the Japanese fashion scene is undoubtedly Rei Kawakubo whose collections are manufactured under the labels Comme des Garçons, Homme, Tricot and Robe de Chambre and are seen in major department stores and boutiques throughout America, England, Europe, Australia, South Africa and the East. Her ranges reflect a unique form of design and a concept that fashion is an expression of the ways in which the body takes up space. Her design method begins by using fabrics with non-uniform colour dried naturally outdoors to create a wrinkled surface and texture. To give the clothes form, she adds cuts, holes and slits or patchwork applique. For colour, or 'non-colour' as she prefers to define it, Rei Kawakubo selects black or tones of black believing that 'there is so much colour in black' and that it is the perfect colour to indicate a strong sense of independence and individuality.







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LISA LYON is a small, striking and most articulate young woman from California who in 1979 won the First World Women's Body-Building Championship, and who now lives in Paris with her French husband. She considers herself not so much an athlete as an artist — in the strictest sense of that term — as a sculptor whose raw material is her own body. "When I was a child, I did not want to be strong or healthy ... I wanted to be beautiful ... I loved beauty and art. I always knew I was supposed to be an artist," she says.

Lisa is not inclined — ever — to be tongue-tied, and in any snatch of conversation, you'd be as likely as

not to hear her dilating on the principles of Taoism, the future of the planet, her old friend Henry Miller, or the percussion cap needed for her Remington shotgun: "I like weapons. They are part of my reality."

Or she might explain her concept of the prototype for the woman of the Eighties: her concept of a woman's body ("neither masculine nor feminine but feline"), her concept of body building as ritual, and her concept of this ritual as Art. She might tell how awkward it is to be a white woman in "a sport meant for black men"; how she learned to highlight her muscles by darkening her skin with liquid graphite; how once, at a performance at a museum in California, anointed with this ceremonial patina, she drew a crowd of thousands to watch her perform a three-minute ritual in front of a chalk wall.

Alternatively, backtracking into the past, she might lead you to a lonely bedroom with a balcony in West Los Angeles. "My childhood was dark. My parents didn't realise how dark ... It was very dark ... I never liked horror movies because I was having my own." She dreamed that Pygmies came from Africa to take her away; of victims tied to two trees and torn in half; of breast muscles pierced through with rope. "I evolved a whole cult of ritual practices to close this stuff out ... It had to do with numbers, counting, touching things. I was seeking an equilibrium, getting up at night to perform these rites ... running round the house three times counterclockwise." Then one day a calm inner voice told her, "When you're 12, all this will be under control. You just have to tough it out."

She might remember, too, her dance instructors, and the guys who danced in the film of *West Side Story*: like every other child on the fringes of Hollywood she wanted to be a star. Or the voice lessons in a house "full of gory religious paintings ... bleeding Christs all over in dark Spanish rooms." Or the pair of plastic castanets (since lost) given her by the flamenco dancer Carmen Amaya. Or the day, at seventeen, when she took up Japanese Martial Arts.

She had been strolling at dusk across the University of California at Los Angeles athletic field when she saw, coming through the mist, a group of young men in samurai costumes.

"Who are you?" she said. "We're the UCLA Kendo Team," they said. They were all Oriental.

She asked to join the club and they agreed. "I was the only female. I was the only white. It was violent. It was the first thing I had done that was an outlet for violence ..." At the first session they beat her with bamboo swords and she cried. "For the first time I was not being treated as a woman and I was not being treated as weak."

Or she might recall her first, half-Portuguese husband, an ethnosociologist and part-time weight lifter who she knew would go to jail. "There was a fascination for the other side." Or meeting Arnold Schwarzenegger and wondering, "If he can do that with his body, what can I do with mine?" And how, after months of training, she had the strength to lift him above her head.

Or what it was like to be the only girl in Gold's Gym, Los Angeles, "which, as you know, is the Mecca of Body building." What it was like to break down the "Gay Ghetto" concept of gym "because, in fact, not all of those guys are gay." What it was like, after winning the world title, to have spawned a legion of solemn, competitive women who were dying to beat her on the floor. Why she refused to have her photo in the ladies' chapter of Gaines and Butler's *Pumping Iron*, the so-called Bible of Body building (revised and updated edition). How her femininity and sense of the ridiculous finally got the upper hand. And how she met and married Bernard Lavilliers, a Number One French rock star. "Yes," she will croon dreamily, "I need someone else. I need a collaborative reality."

Photographer Robert Maplethorpe does not talk much, but he is very watchful and he listens to all that is said. Listening to Lisa, he would suddenly pounce on some detail of her astonishing trajectory, see the possibility of turning it into an image, and so extend the range of the 'intimate portrait.'

In session after session, Lisa posed as bride, broad, doll, moll, play-girl, beach-girl, bike-girl, gym-girl and boy-girl; as frog-person, mud-person, flamenco dancer, spiritist medium, archetypal huntress, circus artiste, snake-woman, society woman, young Christian, and kink. She posed in Jamaica. She posed, naked on an arctic day, in Joshua Tree National Monument. One afternoon in New York, she posed flat out on a masseur's bench. "I think there's something of the slab in this one, don't you? The anatomy table? I don't find it morbid, though. I find it calm."

She and Robert laughed, juggled with ideas, agreed on some, and squabbled over others. They squabbled, for example, over whether she should wear a set of fake scarlet fingernails which, Robert insisted, were essential for a fashion show.

"I hate these nails," she said, rattling them against the grey fibreglass pectoral of an Issey Miyake outfit. "Makes my hands look like spiders. Arachnid, you know ...?"

The book does not simply document Lisa Lyon: it is a work of the imagination — the visual counterpart of a novel, which, like all good novels, mixes fact and fantasy to reveal a greater truth. The photographer and his model have conspired to tell a story of their overlapping obsessions. The glorification of the body is an act of will, a defiance of nihilism and abstraction, a story of the Modern Movement in reverse. Obscurely, in images brassy and bizarre, they are signaling a message. Perhaps the owner of this book will read into its pages an allegory for the final years of a winded century?

BRUCE CHATWIN

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Lady: Lisa Lyon by Robert Mapplethorpe is published by Blond & Briggs and distributed in Australia by Austraha & New Zealand Book Company. RRP \$16.95.
Available in Sydney at New Edition Bookshop, Paddington.

PORTFOLIO

The humblest object as well as the mightiest achievement of man can stir the photographer to an infinite depth of feeling. What matters is not what is out there, but in here in the mysterious effervescences storming around in the solar plexus." Max Dupain, champion of the purity of modern architecture, also reveals a deep romanticism. But, in his perversity, he says, he shuns the idea of photography being taken for art. "Photography does its own thing in its own way as the light picture of the 20th Century." Max Dupain, whose work has graced Australian and international group exhibitions since 1932, is represented by The Australian Centre for Photography.





Hawaiian Lilies at Night, Sailors Bay, 1982.



Monstera Group, 1983.



Flower of Firewheel Tree, 1983.



Full Life (Pine Tree Series of 7 prints), 1975.



The Last Silhouette (Pine Tree Series of 7 prints), 1981.



Magnolia, 1983.

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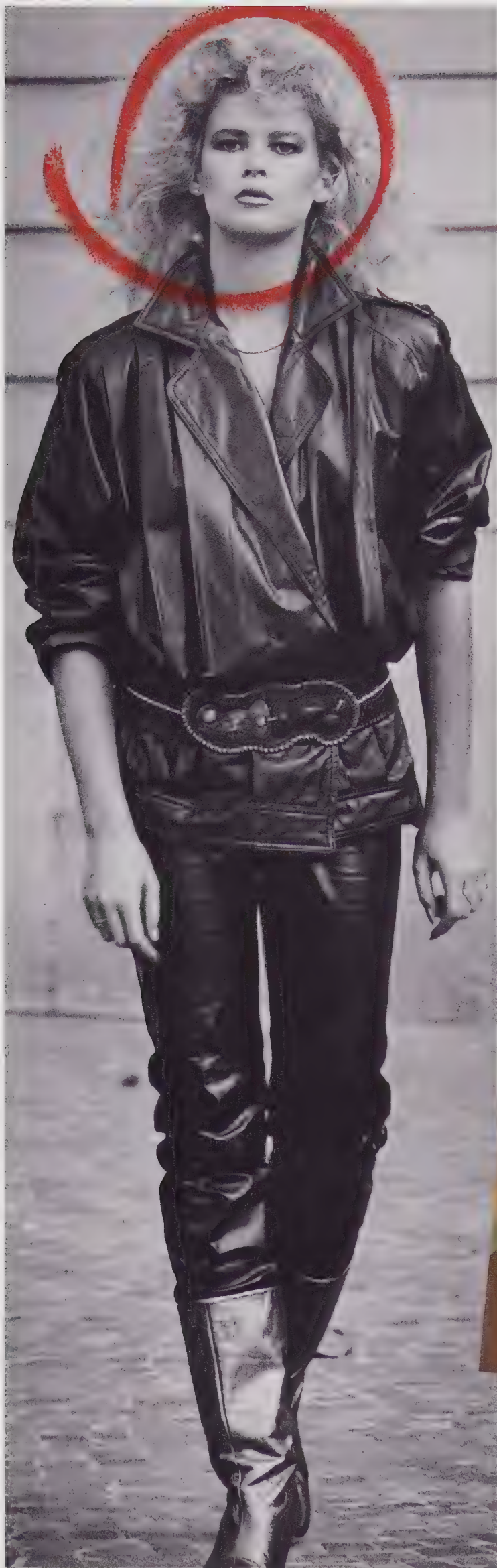
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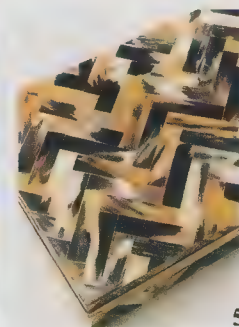
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83 Parramatta Road, Annandale.
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The Globetrotting Gourmet



Next only to the pleasure of enjoying a faultless meal at one of the world's most celebrated dining establishments, is that of reliving the experience. A souvenir menu, a wine with the elegance to complement the finest fare, table settings that celebrate the art of distinctive dining ... and a toast to Qantas, the national carrier of hedonists. Join our tribute to the universal pleasure of dining with distinction.

You might leave your heart in San Francisco, but you'll eat everything in Los Angeles ... dining at the exclusive Bel Air Hotel. The prestigious setting and the celebrated food call for a special wine ... and the 1980 Wyndham Estate Homestead Ridge provides just the right touch of elegance. Cabernet, Malbec and Shiraz blended to produce a wine with life and style. Matchbox of High Street, Armadale, has the ultimate range of imported table items selected with care and flair by owner Katy Cox. Shown are Oiseaux de Paradis plates by Gien, a beautiful Christofle pepper mill from an extensive range of this superb silver ware, and a crisp white damask tablecloth by Le Jacquard Français. Thomas Webb makes the fine English lead crystal glassware in Chiltern pattern, and the quality of the Rodd cutlery is reflected in its guarantee 'for your lifetime'. The classic design remains timeless.



There are few experiences more reassuringly British than a visit to London's St James's Club. Membership is exclusive ... and minimal. Appearance deserves a toast of the finest on hand ... elegant wines like the 1979 Wyndham Estate Hunter Valley Cabernet Sauvignon Bin 444 and the 1983 Wyndham Estate Chablis. Both display excellent varietal style and deep fruit character. Here, the beautiful Oyster dinner service by Glen complements the pale blue damask.



tablecloth by Le Jacquard Français. The Regal Rose cutlery is Rodd's new top-of-the-range pattern based on the romantic rose design. Thomas Webb's fine London crystal puts the finishing touch to a table of distinction.



The Ambassador Inn on New York's Long Island offers a dining experience to be remembered... as does Wyndham Estate's 1982 Chablis Superior. Delicate, crisp and elegant in the classic style. And the memories are all the fonder for the friendly efficiency of Qantas' Captain's Club service. Getting there can be half the fun. Matchbox of High Street, Armadale, sets the scene with this White Ivy porcelain dinner service imported from France against a voile tablecloth



and napkins by Paul Marrot. Rodd's Lady Jane cutlery is classically simple and its EPNS A1 rating guarantees it's the finest silver plate available. The Thomas Webb crystal glass is individually made and cut by hand.



New York's Le Cirque is reputed to be the first choice of America's First Lady. Celebrated company, indeed, and an exceptional menu which demands an exceptional wine ... Wyndham Estate's Graves Exceptional Bin 777, a label that wins nods of approval anywhere. Matchbox of High Street, Armadale, can provide the perfect setting with its flower pattern tablecloth from Nydel of France. The palest pink dinner service is Chambour and the cruet set — perfect for modern or classic tables — is from Silverado, also in Armadale's High Street. Camille is the oldest and best-loved of all Rodd's cutlery patterns. Named after Dumas' Lady of the Camelias, it has been a favourite for more than 30 years. The London design glasses extend Thomas Webb's reputation for fine crystal established in 1840. Thomas Webb crystal is distributed in Australia by Mytton Rodd Ltd. Matchbox is located at 1044 High Street, Armadale. Silverado is located at 1156 High Street, Armadale.

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